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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Divine Providence; or, the three Cycles of Revelation, shewing the Parallelism of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Dispensations. Being a new Evidence of the Divine Origin of Christianity.* By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Rector of Bondleigh, Devon. 8vo. pp. 627. London, 1834. Duncan.

FULL of strange and mysterious matters, this work comes almost entirely within the category of those theological and polemical subjects which we have proscribed in our page; proscribed, not from a disregard to their importance, but an opposite feeling, added to the conviction, that a miscellany like the *Literary Gazette* is not the proper medium for entering upon such discussions. The learning, the imagination, and the ability displayed by the author, induce us, however, to give some account of his performance, so that the reader may have an idea of its nature and characteristics.

It is dedicated to the Lord Chancellor.

A preface asserts the truth of Christianity, as proven by historical facts, and by the evidence of human nature; but holds that the present argument is yet more conclusive.

"Its object is to prove that 'Christianity is the direct work of Providence'; and this, not by any mere probability arising from its original weakness and subsequent power—nor from its moral superiority—nor from the sufferings undergone by sincere minds in its cause—nor even from its prophetic testimonies—but from the comparison of facts acknowledged by all, without reference to religious opinion. It will be shown that the leading facts of Christian history have been the leading facts of the two former dispensations, Judaism and the patriarchal religion; and that those facts have occurred in the three, not merely in essence, but with the same purpose, and in the same order; yet that no mere dry sequence has been observed in the order of the respective dispensations, but that they have received in each those slight variations of shape and colour which exhibit a supreme adapting hand, varying the process, but distinctly preserving the principle.

If three such series are established, (continues Dr. Croly,) maintaining this broad, plain, and unbroken parallelism with each other, it is utterly impossible to conceive that chance has had any thing to do with the subject. The most startling contradiction of the order of nature could not present a stronger difficulty, than the supposition that this connexion was the work of casualty. If it be shown to be true, the acknowledgment of a Providence, as the *Author of Christianity*, is no more capable of dispute than the properties of the triangle. It is demonstration. But it will be found, that not merely the nature and order of the leading facts in the three dispensations are exactly the same, but that the individual characters of the leading men and nations are the same; that individuals born two thousand years, and whole empires, asunder, have had precisely the same

part in the several series; with the same character of mind, the same successes and reverses; that Joseph in Egypt and St. Paul in Greece, that Ezra in Judea and Luther in Germany, that Alexander in Asia, and Napoleon in Europe, have especially been the direct providential agents in the same departments of their series; and that among all the natural distinctions of country, objects, ability, and creed, they have been preserved in a singular adherence to the great predominating principle, of effecting the purposes of Heaven in the service of its revelation.

"We are now," he elsewhere says, "actually entering on that period known in prediction as the Fifth Seal; in which it is declared to the spirits of those who in the early ages died for the faith, that but a comparatively brief time shall elapse before they shall see their number completed. Those views are not offered to excite needless alarm, but to awaken salutary caution."

Having thus opened his general views, Dr. Croly proceeds to demonstrate the existence of a God, the literal truth of the Mosaic creation *versus* geology, (which we think ingenious, but quite erroneous,) and to describe Paradise, its concomitants, the Adamite state, the patriarchal ages, &c.; in all of which he contends for the strict interpretation of the Old Testament, rejecting every gloss and explanation, and, truly, as the common phrase has it, "sticking to the text." The first cycle closes with the confusion of tongues (page 506).

The second commences with the Call of Abraham, goes through the Law of Moses and the Jewish history, and terminates with a statement of the Christian church at the era of Constantine (page 532).

The third treats of the Second Adam, the Apostolic Church, Christendom, Babylon, the Reformation, Napoleon, and the Future. The following note upon the great political question of a separation between church and state, now at issue amongst us, will, perhaps, serve as well as any other extract to illustrate the author:—

"The necessity of a religious establishment, wherever religion is to be sustained in its highest degree of vigour and public utility, is a matter of demonstration. Religion, of all

the gifts of God to man, holds the first place; from its importance to society, as the source of obedience, and to the individual, as the only solid ground of happiness on earth, and hope in the future world. But religion is not born with man; it is not an instinct. Nor is it a necessity of his nature; it is not an appetite. Man is not urged to it, as to food; it must therefore be brought to him. And as the object of all government is the provision of good for the nation, the especial care of the state must be exercised for the provision of the greatest good. There must be a national religion. But the teaching of this religion must not be left to unfixed and irresponsible individuals; who may be ignorant, or disloyal, who probably will be insubordinate, and who, having no assured subsistence by their office, will naturally abandon it on the first inducement of profit, caprice, or indolence. Its teachers must therefore be settled, responsible, and subordinate. But settlement implies a regular profession; responsibility, known rules; and subordination, a distinction of ranks. There must be a national clergy. But the principles of the religion must not be left to the innovations of individuals, who may be actuated by the heated passions, temporary views, sectarian jealousies, or hazardous ambitions, which make so large a share of human character. They must be gravely formed, authoritatively delivered, and publicly known. There must be a national liturgy. But the personal subsistence of the clergy must not be left to the good-will of either government or people. In the former instance, the first state emergency extinguishes the church; in the latter, the clergy must sink from canvassers for employment into mendicants for food. The living generation may cling to their duties; but no man will educate his son for a profession which the next popular breath may scatter into dust. The succession of a learned, faithful, and manly clergy, will be totally cut off; and the land will be left to angry intrigue or degraded ignorance; to popular scyphants, training for popular firebrands; to gloomy infidelity, and domineering sowers of sedition. England has already laid up for herself a formidable treasure of experience. If she uncover the grave again, what can she see there, but the ashes of her royalty and the blood of her people!—There must be a religious establishment, if there is to be a constitution."

We cannot say that, to our judgment, the reverend author's parallels are satisfactorily made out. There are, no doubt, many points of resemblance, as, indeed, a clever writer may discover in almost any two or more cases that ever happened—like the famous Shakesperian parallel between Macedon and Wales; but there are quite as many similes of dissimilitude which impeach the argument and shew that it will not hold water. Where, for example, allowing that there are coincidences, can there be stronger contrasts than in the lives of Alexander the Great and Buonaparte? Dr. C. observes that they were both born on small sterile territories, a promontory and an

<sup>1</sup> In the body of the work, Dr. C. says—"the history of the returned exiles of Judah is the counterpart of the history of the German Reformation—even to the particularity of individual characters. Of those, but two can be mentioned here—Ezra and Nehemiah. Luther was the representative of Ezra; the Elector of Saxony of Nehemiah."

<sup>2</sup> From the fall of the Babylonian empire (about B.C. 538) to the Asiatic conquests of Alexander, Jerusalem was in the hands of the Persian emperors. It is with regret that the writer feels himself limited to a mere outline of the extraordinary, yet exact connexion subsisting at this interesting period between the Jewish and Christian series. Nor must the reader be startled at the novelty of discovering the Persian empire to have taken its place in the providential system, as the prototype of Germany; Greece of France; and the founder of the brilliant and brief Macedonian empire, to have filled, to the ancient world, the characteristic place and successes of the founder of the most dazzling and short-lived empire of modern days.

<sup>3</sup> Our opposite opinion happens to be given in a review farther on, page 354.

island; but he does not notice that the one was the son of a powerful king, the other of a private individual. Alexander broke down the Persian, Napoleon broke down the German empire; but the Persian rose no more, the German is at this hour more powerful than before. They both invaded Egypt, but with different results; and Alexander conquered maritime and commercial Tyre; Napoleon was ruined in his attempt to conquer maritime and commercial England. Both fought a number of battles; but so did Attila, Hannibal, Timour, Genghis Khan, Louis XIV., Marlborough, and dozens of other warriors which would bear equal parallelism. Their marriages are curious enough—Roxana and Statira, Josephine and Marie Louise; but then how almost opposite the finales?—the one died in supreme power, the other a wretched captive. Indeed, it appears to us to be almost an Irish parallel.

Dr. Croly has certainly grappled with a thousand difficulties, all of which he contends are to be understood to the letter; and in labouring this bold and perilous position, he often employs common reasoning and adduces common causes to elucidate miraculous circumstances and supernatural events. This is a doubtful course; and we are always disappointed when matters are stated half-miracle, half human. The motives and feelings of men acting within the sphere of the direct interpositions and workings of Divine Omnipotence, must be utterly different from the motives and feelings of men under ordinary trials; and we confess, that wherever we can account for things on other grounds, we are most unwilling to call in the visible Deity. *Nec Deus interit?*

Yet, with these ideas, making us in great measure dissenters from many of the reverend author's doctrines, we must acknowledge the piety, the moral rectitude, and the extraordinary ability which he has manifested in this work. High as his name stands in our national literature, it will be exalted by so comprehensive a production; and while those who agree with him delight in the display of his powers, even those who differ from him will confess his talent.

We conclude with his striking and prophetic glance at "*the Future*:"—

"That since the beginning of the Christian era, a succession of remarkable changes have continued to operate on society, and that those changes are of so distinct a character as to present themselves to the eye in regular periods, is a plain fact of history. The first four centuries were ages of religion; times occupied in the advance of Christianity, and consummated by the fall of heathenism, in the reign of Theodosius. Nearly four centuries more were ages of blood; times of barbarian invasion and general war, consummated in the establishment of the popedom as a spiritual and temporal monarchy. Nearly five centuries more were ages of darkness; times of privation of religious and of all knowledge, consummated by the establishment of the popedom at the head of universal monarchy, the fall of the Waldenses, and the submission of all the European kingdoms. Nearly five centuries more combined the character of ages of comparative light, and yet ages of religious persecution: a period of violent struggles for and against Protestantism; of great severities exercised by the Inquisition; and of massacres and banishments inflicted on the Protestants throughout Europe; the whole consummated by the outbreak of a spirit of infidelity and rebellion in France, yet which, by abolishing

the Inquisition in all lands, destroyed the last public instrument of religious persecution. But it is also a plain Scriptural fact, that those changes were distinctly contemplated by Providence. In the prophecy given to St. John, before the close of the first century, under emblems which form the common prophetic language, were detailed to him the exact succession, as well as the peculiar nature, of those changes. After a most solemn summons to his attention, as about to see a great unfolding of the future, he is shewn, first, the emblem of a monarchy going forth to complete the triumph of religion. He is next shewn the armed emblem of an age of slaughter; the rider on a horse coloured with fire and gore. Next follows the rider on a horse of darkness, holding the balance by which he makes himself the judge of truth and conscience, and proclaiming an universal famine of 'the bread of life.' Then follows the ghastly rider, on a horse of a lighter hue; the emblem of an age of comparative knowledge, but bringing with him the power of the grave, persecution, death, and Hades. The consummation of this period we have but just passed. Then follows the period on which we are entering; evidently a period in which the coldness and growing infidelity of the religious world will call down chastisement in the form of desolation; a period in which multitudes will fall away, and many will be slain for their adherence to religion. This shall be followed by a period of fearful retaliation on the powers of the earth which have perpetrated those violences; when the whole fabric of empire shall be shaken. Connected with this period, or in close succession, shall be the recall of a large portion of the Jewish nation to the religion of the promise, the acknowledgment of Christianity. The prediction then declares the second coming of the Lord of Christianity; the establishment of an era of religious peace and happiness on earth, as large as man is capable of enjoying, until his transfer to a higher state of being. Such is the prophecy of the 6th and 7th chapters of the Revelation. If the theory of the three Cycles be true, the future events of the third will be, as in the two former, a falling away of the majority of the visible church into religious negligence or direct infidelity, followed by a great and visible chastisement of the church, as in the days of Epiphanes; with partial changes, until religion shall seem to be extinguished, as at the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Jewish nation. This again shall be followed by the general ruin of the devastators; the mighty calling to the mountains to fall upon them, and shield them from the day of Divine wrath; and this display of the Divine anger followed by the still more abundant display of the Divine mercy; the earth becoming a great religious empire, under either the visible or virtual domination of Christianity. So far the deductions from the two former Cycles for the history of the third are confirmed by the prophecy of the seven seals. But the Cycle should go further, and contain the two extraordinary events of a revolt against the Divine sceptre, and of the rapid extinction of that revolt by some memorable act of Deity; the whole closing in the commencement of a new and more illustrious course of Providence. We find those events fully established by the direct declarations of Scripture, that, after the power of evil shall have been divinely coerced for a time, Satan shall again be let loose from his chain, and shall go forth and 'deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth;' while,

in this new and vast temptation, there shall be no departure from the common principle of the Divine government, the permission of trial for the purpose of compelling man's own observation to mark the line between the pretender to virtue and the possessor of virtue. The true worshipper shall be sustained in the utter abscission of the hypocrite. Then, at the close of this final purification, shall come the great termination of the providential government. The whole multitude of the heathen dead, from the creation to the last day, and of all those who, though professing the faiths of Judaism and Christianity, have not 'been thought worthy' of that 'first resurrection,' in which Paul and the leaders of the apostolic age so fervently prayed to be numbered, shall be summoned to receive the judgment due to their works before the King and Arbitrator of all; a judgment of whose forms we can conjecture nothing, but of whose principle we have six thousand years of proof that it will be in the perfection of justice, wisdom, and mercy. To that judgment, the antediluvian millions, who now sleep in the depths of the ocean, shall be summoned: 'the sea shall give up her dead.' To that judgment the graves of the land shall surrender: 'Death and Hades shall deliver up the dead that are in them.' To that judgment the multitude of those who have died in holiness, and been borne from the death-bed into paradise, shall descend, surrounding the King of saints; but not to be judged. They have been purified already by their acceptance of the atonement; they are already the children of the Father; uniting holiness and power, kings and priests to God for ever. Then, the system of the Divine sovereignty having been cleared before the great assemblage of intellectual existence; the Atonement having fulfilled its whole purpose; the attributes of the Deity having fully vindicated their origin—the last words shall be spoken that these heavens and earth shall ever hear. He who pronounced from his cross, 'It is finished,' shall pronounce it from his throne; and 'the heavens and the earth shall pass away,' and there shall be a 'new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' All shall be mental purity, intellectual vigour, and triumphant joy. The redeemed of God shall enter into their inheritance, and prepare for new scenes of the grandeur of their King and Redeemer; new creations shall rise before them; new wonders of benevolence shall kindle their hearts; new developements of power shall fill their minds with delighted knowledge; the Eternal King shall for ever pour upon them some new successive effulgence of his nature. *God shall be all in all.*"

*Ayesha, the Maid of Kars.* By James Morier, Esq. author of "*Zohrab*," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

FULL of variety and incident, with a European hero, which seems as it were to bring the interest more home; Mr. Morier's present work promises to rival the popularity of its predecessors. *Ayesha* is at once interesting as a story, and attractive as a vivid picture of oriental scenes. In these eastern delineations our author is singularly happy; familiar with the country, the customs, and the language, he yet does not overlay the narrative with mere description: neither are his readers puzzled by the constant recurrence of words and phrases which must send them to the dictionary. A few graphic expressions are occasionally introduced, but they just give character to the dialogue, and nothing more. We feel at once

that we are in a new country, and among a strange people; and we go on through the picturesque pages with all the curiosity of a traveller, with a fresh scene, and a stirring adventure at every step. We shall now proceed to our extracts, which we shall select of the more descriptive and detachable order, as we are unwilling to spoil the story, which will keep the reader's attention alive to the last. We apprehend that the supposed subjection of women in the east is somewhat of a popular fallacy: we give, therefore, the following specimen of a Turkish domestic scolding.

"At this juncture Zabetta entered the apartment. She had bestirred herself most actively to acquire information in the city concerning the seizure of Osmond, and was just returned. Her passions were roused at what she had heard. At one place it was said that an infidel had arrived, and, aided by a worshipper of Satan, had carried off Suleiman Aga's daughter into the Kurdistan mountains. At another, she was told that, Suleiman Aga having found his wife with the giaour, he had thrust her into a sack, and drowned her in the river. Then those who resided near the pasha's palace affirmed that the pasha's Ethiopian had broken the infidel's back, and that he was lying dead in the court. At length she ascertained to a certainty what had really taken place, and she returned home in full venom against her husband. As soon as she perceived him, she exclaimed, 'And so, you have become the destroyer of your own house? Mashallah! you have brought your beard to a good market! All the world, men, women, and children, are passing their whole time in spitting at it, and for what? because a dog of an imam chooses to come and tell you lies!' 'Zabetta,' said Suleiman, unmoved, 'are you become mad? Am I to blame because I have done nothing?' 'How! done nothing?' screamed the angry woman: 'Is dishonouring your wife and oppressing your child, nothing? Is making us the talk and derision of the whole city, nothing? Is the oppression of an innocent man, nothing? Is putting him in danger of his life, nothing? Eh yah! by what account do you reckon?' 'As Allah is great,' said Suleiman, 'I have done nothing! If the hind chooses to squat before the lion, is it the lion's fault that he eats him up? When a giaour, of his own accord, leaves his own country, and comes hither to insult our laws, is it the Mussulman's fault that he defends them, and punishes the guilty? Women talk with their hearts, and not with their heads.' 'What have you to say against women?' said Zabetta, in a voice of anger. 'Without woman what would you be? What but a dried-up old stump, with nothing to refresh you? What but a dirty heap in a corner, without a helping hand to purify you? Go, go! you talk as if your tongue belonged to your hands instead of your head. You straight come to your stick and your strength, when the little wit which you possess has left your brain. You may uphold your men when women are not here to guide you; but as long as you have a Zabetta in your house, you shall hear her and her only, even had you but one ear to help you to hear her words. I say you must not allow that ill-fated infidel to perish; he must be saved; and as you have caused the evil, so must you bring back the good.' 'Are you mad, O woman!' exclaimed Suleiman, 'to speak thus? Wherefore do you coin useless words? Who but the imam is the accuser of the Frank?—he saw the deed—he bears witness to the crime. What can I say against facts?' 'Imam! Imam!' exclaimed

Zabetta mockingly, as she rested her hands upon her hips, looking straight into her husband's face; 'one would think from your words that that old scarecrow, who croaks out his profession of faith from the minaret top, was as sacred a personage as the prophet himself! But what is he but an old dotard? a toothless, beardless churl, who, instead of minding his azan and the affairs of his mosque, chooses, like a bird of ill-omen as he is, to soar over and pry into our harems; to look where he should not; to imagine evil where none is meant; to destroy men's houses by his vile falsehoods; to set father against daughter, and husband against wife; and to spread such false rumours as may produce misfortunes, and none but Allah knows where they may stop. Go, go! let us hear no more of your imam, except when you may have secured for him a sound bastinado upon the soles of his feet. Suleiman Aga! you must put an end to this thralldom. Go to the mekemeh, and insist that the infidel Ingliz be set at liberty. Wallah billah!—I will not rest until he is.' Suleiman allowed this burst of his wife's volubility and rage to subside, and then looking at Ayesha, replied, 'What I have said, I have said. If the infidel will consent to abandon his faith, and adopt that of Islam, she shall become his wife; and then all will be well.' 'What words are these?' exclaimed Zabetta. 'She shall become his wife, do you say? she shall become no man's wife unless I choose it. Am I nothing, that I am not to be consulted? What man in the world is there who knows any thing about marriages? Men can no more select a husband for their daughters, than they can choose the colour of their wives' vest. Let them keep to their pipes, their horses, and their camels; let them sit in the bazaar, buy, sell, fight, and steal, but let them not meddle in what concerns them not. Allah! Allah! what is the world to become if a mother cannot do what she pleases with her own daughter? Go, man! go smoke, go pray, but leave marriages to women.' 'There is no harm in what you say,' returned Suleiman, with a most placid mien; 'be it so. But if you wish to save the infidel's life, he must first abjure his faith; and if it be your desire that your daughter remain unhurt, she must marry him after his abjuration of his own faith, and when he has adopted ours.' These words in some measure stopped the current of Zabetta's rage, and she was so far cooled as to perceive that, if something were not done, all her own hopes of emancipation from Kars must fall to the ground, and thus this opportunity, so favourable to her views, would be lost. She therefore gradually desisted from that fierce opposition which she was in the habit of making to every proposal emanating from her husband; and, like the gradual cessation of artillery which marks the close of a battle, she withdrew from the contest by slowly diminishing the power of her angry words, and at length quitted the room under cover of a low growl."

*Examination of an English Traveller's Goods.*—"First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. It principally contained Osmond's clothes. In succession were displayed, waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and stockings, which drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the glittering beauties of a splendid uniform-jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but

when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For, let it be known, that a Turk's trowsers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs, and, when drawn together and tied in front, generally extend from the hips to the ankles. Will it then be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The mufti submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded chokhadar, who stood by wrapt in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat was fitted over the turban of the chokhadar, whilst the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man's back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion's skin thrown over his head. 'Barikallah!—praise be to Allah!' said the mufti, 'I have found it; perhaps this is the dress of an English pasha of two tails!' 'Aferin!—well done!' cried all the adherents of the law. But the pasha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. 'For what else can this be used,' exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—'what else, but for wine? This is perhaps the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?' said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian. 'So it is,' answered the dyer, 'it is even as your highness has commanded.' 'Well, then, this skin has contained wine,' continued the pasha, pleased with the discovery, 'and, by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again.' 'Here,' said he to one of his servants, 'here, take this, let the saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled; instead of wine it shall hold water.' And true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were seen parading the town on a water-carrier's back, doing the duty of mesheks. But it was secretly reported that, not long after, they were converted to the use for which the pasha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness's favourite wine. In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to a still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have any thing in common with a pair of boots, a part of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and reinserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astrology, but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be one for the purposes of torture;—what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb, or cracking the finger-joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be, and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pasha ordered his favourite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter went round at his



expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion. The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-cologne, another lavender-water, both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the pasha himself when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The mufti was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; whilst the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick. Whilst this was taking place, the imam of the mosque, whose mortified looks belied his love of good things, quietly abstracted from the case a silver-mounted box, which having opened, he there discovered a paste-like substance, the smell of which he thought was too inviting to resist; he therefore inserted therein the end of his fore-finger, and scooping out as much as it could carry, straightway opened wide his mouth, and received it with a smack. Soon was he visited by repentance; he would have roared with nausea had he not been afraid of exposing himself—he sputtered—he spat. ‘What has happened?’ said one with a grin. ‘Bak!—see!’ roared the pasha, who was delighted to have found a fellow-sufferer—‘Bak!—see! the imam is sick.’ The nature of the substance which he had gulped soon discovered itself by the white foam which was seen to issue from his mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly; they apprehended a fit, they feared madness—in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him, as one who is not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap. Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those above mentioned, and which it would perhaps be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be re-inserted in the case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank’s inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and on a sudden instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *shaitan* in person. ‘Ai Allah!’ he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to

the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—‘Allah protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!’ he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror, low ‘Allah Allahs!’ broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness; he was entreated, in the name of the prophet! to put it down again by the pasha, who then ordered Bogos the Armenian to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river; swearing by the Koran, and by all the imams, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him, but every Armenian and Christian in Kars, to death.”

We regret that we have not space for a moonlight view of the deserted city Anni; and heartily commend the Tatar Mustafa, and the Greek Stasso to the reader’s acquaintance. The one is as comic as the other is a spirited sketch; while, as a whole, *Ayeshah* does the highest credit to Mr. Morier’s talents. It is the result of the traveller’s knowledge turned into a most attractive picture.

*History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.S.A. Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 474. Edinburgh, 1834. Tait.

WE have briefly told the public that this volume is of extreme political and historical importance; and we might be contented with that notice, were we not anxious to prove its accuracy and do farther justice to the esteemed author. We shall, however, confine ourselves to the reign (?) of Mary; though that of her father is well worthy of analysis, and must be very acceptable to the intelligent reader. But Mary! from her very cradle our affections concentrate about her. The woman, beautiful, endowed with fine feelings, tastes, and even genius, unprotected, beset by a ruthless generation of fierce chieftains in her rugged home, and insnared by the subtleties of a yet more ruthless relative and her subservient ministers, in the more powerful realm where she sought for succour and found not safety—no wonder that Mary is the theme of the minstrel’s dream and song, the object of the philanthropist’s pity, and the creature of universal sympathy.

The policy of Henry VIII. descended to his successors; and to destroy the independence of Scotland by corrupting her leading men and maintaining an English party in the heart of her councils, was faithfully and disgracefully in full operation when James V. died of a broken heart, and his infant daughter became the prize to struggle for as an instrument of sovereignty.

On the one hand Cardinal Beaton was a tower of strength; on the other, the Douglasses, Glencairns, and others, upheld the English faction.

“The diplomatic talents of Sir George Douglas were unremittingly exerted to overcome the complicated difficulties which stood in the way of a general conciliation; and having returned from England with the ultimate resolutions of Henry, they were agreed to by the governor and a majority of the nobility, in a convention held at Edinburgh in the beginning of June. Satisfied with this approval, although the absence of the cardinal, and many of the most influential peers, might have assured him that it would afterwards be questioned, he returned with expedition to England, and, along with the Earl of Glencairn and the Scottish ambassadors, Learmont, Hamilton, and Balnavis, met the commissioners of the sister country at Greenwich, where the treaties of pacification and marriage were finally arranged on the 1st of July. The terms were certainly far more favourable than those which had been at first proposed by the English monarch. It was agreed that a marriage should take place between the Prince of Wales and Mary, Queen of Scots, as soon as that princess had reached majority, and that an inviolable peace should subsist between the kingdoms during the lives of these two royal persons, which was to continue for a year after the death of the first who should pay the debt of nature. Till she had completed her tenth year, the young Mary was to remain in Scotland under the care of the guardians appointed by the parliament; Henry being permitted to send thither an English nobleman, with his wife and attendants, to form part of the household of the princess. Within a month after she entered her eleventh year, the estates of Scotland solemnly promised to deliver their princess at Berwick to the commissioners appointed to receive her; and as hostages for the fulfilment of this condition, two earls and four barons were to be sent forthwith to England. It was carefully provided that, even if the queen should have issue by the prince, the kingdom of Scotland should retain its name, and be governed by its ancient laws. It had been earnestly desired that the treaty should include a positive abrogation of the long-established league between France and Scotland; but instead of being ‘friends to friends, and enemies to enemies,’ the utmost that could be procured was the insertion of a clause, by which it was agreed, that neither should afford assistance to any foreign aggressor, notwithstanding any former stipulation upon this subject. It is apparent that, in this treaty, Henry abandoned the most obnoxious part of his demands; and had the English monarch, and the Scottish nobles who were in his interest, acted with good faith, little ground of objection to the proposed marriage and pacification could have been left to their opponents. But, whilst such were all the articles which openly appeared, a private transaction, or ‘secret device,’ as it is termed in the original papers which now, for the first time, reveal its existence, was entered into between Henry and his partisans, Maxwell, Glencairn, Angus, and the rest, which was at once of a very unjustifiable description, and calculated to exasperate their adversaries in a high degree. An agreement appears to have been drawn up by the English commissioners, for the signature of the Scottish peers and barons taken at the Solway, by which they once more tied themselves to his service; and forgetting their allegiance to their natural prince, promised, in the event of any commotion in Scotland, to adhere solely to the interest of the English monarch, ‘so that he should attain all the things then pacted and covenanted,

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or, at the least, the dominion on this side the Firth.' In the same treaty the precise sums of ransom to be exacted from the Scottish prisoners taken at the Solway, were fixed by the commissioners; but, before they were permitted to avail themselves of this means for the recovery of their liberty, it appears to have been a condition, that they should sign this agreement, which has been above described. In the mean time, the negotiations having been concluded, peace was soon afterwards proclaimed between the two countries, and the ambassadors returned to Edinburgh with the hope that the treaties would immediately be ratified by the governor and the parliament. To their mortification, however, they discovered that, in the interval of their absence, Beaton, who had, in all probability, obtained information of this second combination of Henry and his Scottish prisoners against the independence of the country, had succeeded in consolidating a formidable opposition."

Long, and with various turns of fortune, was the conflict between the two parties maintained: exiles, murders, civil wars, were the alternate fate of the unhappy country. Of the partisans of England (1543-4), Mr. Tytler says,—

"Into any minute detail of those intrigues which occupied the interval between the meeting of parliament and the commencement of the war, it would be tedious to enter. The picture which they present of the meanness and dishonesty of the English party, who have reaped in the pages of some of our historians so high a meed of praise, as the advocates of the Protestant doctrines, is very striking. To escape the sentence of forfeiture to which their repeated treasons had exposed them, the Earls of Lennox, Angus, Cassilis, and Glencairn, who had lately bound themselves by a written covenant to the service of the King of England, did not hesitate to transmit to Arran a similar bond or agreement, conceived in equally solemn terms, by which they stipulated for 'themselves and all others their complices and partakers, to remain true, faithful, and obedient servants to their sovereign lady and her authority, to assist the lord governor for defence of the realm against their old enemies of England, to support the liberties of holy church, and to maintain the true Christian faith.' To this treaty with the governor, Angus gave in his adherence on the 13th of January, and to their faithful performance of its conditions, his brother, Sir George Douglas, and Glencairn's eldest son, the master of Kilmaurs, surrendered themselves as pledges; yet two months did not expire before we find Angus once more addressing a letter to Henry, assuring him of his inviolable fidelity, whilst, at the same time, the nobles, who had so lately bound themselves to Arran and the cardinal, dispatched a messenger to court, with an earnest request that the English monarch would accelerate his preparations for the invasion of the country, transmitting minute instructions regarding the manner in which the enterprise should be conducted. A main army, they advised, should proceed by land; a strong fleet, with an additional force on board, was to be dispatched by sea; whilst it would be of service, it was observed, to send ten or twelve ships to the west sea, to produce a diversion in the Earl of Argyre's country,—an advice in which we may probably detect the selfish policy of Glencairn, his rival and personal enemy. A stratagem of the same kind had already been attended with success, when, at the suggestion of the same baron, the highland chiefs shut up in the

castles of Edinburgh and Dunbar were let loose by the governor Arran, under the condition that they would direct their fury against the country of Argyre. Henry, with much earnestness, was urged to attempt this before the expected aid should arrive from France."

On the other hand, Beaton, gathering strength, resorted to the most bloody persecutions to put down his enemies, and the friends of the Reformation. The judicial murders of accused heretics, and the damned cruelties perpetrated in the name of the God of mercy, are horrible to think of; and if they do not justify the barbarous retaliation they provoked, at least cause us to hail with satisfaction the even-handed justice of Heaven displayed in the retribution. Of that retribution the assassination of Beaton was a striking part; and the author shews that King Henry was distinctly privy to that long-projected crime.

"Mortified to be thus repulsed, Henry's animosity against Beaton became more vehement than before. To his energy and political talent he justly ascribed his defeat; and whilst he urged his preparations for war, he encouraged the Earl of Cassilis in organising a conspiracy for his assassination. The plot is entirely unknown either to our Scottish or English historians; and now, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, has been discovered in the secret correspondence of the State Paper Office. It appears, that Cassilis had addressed a letter to Sadler, in which he made an offer 'for the killing of the cardinal if his majesty would have it done, and promise, when it was done, a reward.' Sadler shewed the letter to the Earl of Hertford, and the council of the north, and by them it was transmitted to the king.\* Cassilis's associates, to whom he had communicated his purpose, were the Earls of Angus, Glencairn, Marshall, and Sir George Douglas; and these persons requested that Forster, an English prisoner of some note, who could visit Scotland without suspicion, should be sent to Edinburgh to communicate with them on the design for cutting off Beaton. Hertford accordingly consulted the privy council upon his majesty's wishes in this affair, requiring to be informed whether Cassilis's plan for the assassination of his powerful enemy was agreeable to the king, and whether Forster should be dispatched into Scotland. Henry, conveying his wishes through the privy council, replied, that he desired Forster to set off immediately. To the other part of the query, touching the assassination of the cardinal, the answer of the privy council was in these words: 'His majesty hath willed us to signify unto your lordship, that his highness reputing the fact not meet to be set forward expressly by his majesty, will not seem to have to do in it; and yet, not misliking the offer, thinketh good that Mr. Sadler, to whom that letter was addressed, should write to the earl of the receipt of his letter containing such an offer, which he thinketh not convenient to be communicated to the king's majesty. Marry, to write to him what he thinketh of the matter; he shall say, that if he were in the Earl of Cassilis's place, and were as able to do his majesty good service

there, as he knoweth him to be, and thinketh a right good will in him to do it, he would surely do what he could for the execution of it, believing verily to do thereby not only an acceptable service to the king's majesty, but also a special benefit to the realm of Scotland, and would trust verily the king's majesty would consider his service in the same; as you doubt not of his accustomed goodness to those which serve him, but he would do the same to him.\*

In this reply there was some address; Henry preserved, as he imagined, his regal dignity; and, whilst he affected ignorance of theatrocious design, encouraged its execution, and shifted the whole responsibility upon his obsequious agents. On both points, the king's commands were obeyed; Sadler wrote to Cassilis, in the indirect manner which had been pointed out; and Forster, in compliance with the wishes of the conspirators, was sent into Scotland, and had an interview with Angus, Cassilis, and Sir George Douglas; the substance of which he has given in an interesting report now in the State Paper Office.† It is evident from this paper, that both Angus and Cassilis were deterred from committing themselves on such delicate ground as the proposed murder of the cardinal, by the cautious nature of Sadler's letter to Cassilis, who, in obedience to the royal orders, had recommended the assassination of the prelate, as if from himself; and had affirmed, though falsely, that he had not communicated the project to the king. These two earls, therefore, said not a word to the envoy on the subject, although Cassilis, on his departure, entrusted him with a letter in cipher for Sadler. Sir George Douglas, however, was less timorous, and sent by Forster a message to the Earl of Hertford, in very explicit terms:—'He willed me,' says the envoy, 'to tell my lord lieutenant, that if the king would have the cardinal dead; if his grace would promise a good reward for the doing thereof, so that the reward were known what it should be, the country being lawless as it is, he thinketh that that adventure would be proved; for he saith, the common saying is, the cardinal is the only occasion of the war, and is small beloved in Scotland; and then, if he were dead, by that means how that reward should be paid.' Such was the simple proposal of Sir George Douglas for the removal of his arch enemy; but, although the English king had no objection to give the utmost secret encouragement to the conspiracy, he hesitated to offer such an outrage to the common feelings of Christendom as to set a price upon the head of the cardinal, and to offer a reward and indemnity to those who should slay him. For the moment, therefore, afterwards, the scheme seemed to be abandoned by the earls; but it was only to be resumed by Brunton."‡

It is evident, that in our limits we can only excite attention to a history like this by a few prominent extracts; and we are sure we need add nothing to the foregoing. In connexion with the rest of the narrative, and new and original matter, they are, as the whole is, of general and extraordinary interest.

\* "Lord Privy Council to Hertford, May 30, 1545.—State Paper Office."

† "The Discourse of Thomas Forster, gentleman, being sent into Scotland by my lord lieutenant, to speak to the Earls of Cassilis, Glencairn, Angus, Marshall, and George Douglas, being returned with the same to Derrinton, the 4th July, 1545.—MS. State Paper Office."

‡ "In the light which it throws upon the intrigues of the Douglases, and the state of parties in Scotland, the report of Forster is a paper of great historical value."

\* "Privy Council to the Earl of Hertford, dated May 30, 1545,—relative to the proposition of the Earl of Cassilis for the assassination of Cardinal Beaton.—MS. State Paper Office. Also, letter from the Council of the North to the King's Majesty, May 21st, 1545.—MS. State Paper Office. By the letter of 30th May, quoted above, it appears that the first resolution of the associated earls was to send a confidential envoy to meet and communicate with Sir Ralph Sadler, at Alnwick. As to this purpose, however, they changed their mind, probably from the fear of incurring suspicion, and requested that Forster should be sent."

*Popular Geology Subversive of Divine Revelation.* By the Rev. Henry Cole, late of Clare Hall, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 136. London, 1834. Hatchard and Son.

THIS letter has been called into existence by the lately published Commencement Sermon of the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, and purports to be a scriptural refutation of the geological positions and doctrines contained in that sermon. It is now very generally known, that the study of the various strata which compose the crust of the globe, and more particularly the comparison of the different fossils which characterise the successive beds, have taught us that there were different and distinct periods of time and states of the earth's surface, anterior to its present condition, and to the existence of man. In contemplating the superposition of rocks, or the succession of the stony layers of the earth's crust, we find, first, the oldest crystalline, then the semi-crystalline, and, next in order, sedimentary rocks, or such as were deposited from waters (with local crystalline deposits of lime, salt, gypsum, &c.); and, above all, less ancient formations from lakes, estuaries, bays, or rivers. Not only can the periods of tranquillity which obtained in this chronological succession be recognised by the nature of the sedimentary formations, but the same successive deposits furnish equally irresistible evidence, in the nature of their parts as well as the situation of the beds, that the catastrophes which intervened between these periods of tranquillity were characterised by the upraising of mountain chains, and by the dislocation and breaking up of rock formations, whose comminuted parts were carried along by the waters, impetuously retiring from the high lands to give origin to new formations. In every case, conglomerated rocks, and others which intervene between the successive sedimentary deposits, are formed by the fragments of those rocks which existed anteriorly to them. These striking features of geological science, unanswerable, as they are founded upon philosophical induction, as well as upon direct observation, are farther most instructively exhibited to us in the history of the successive generations of beings with which it has pleased the Creator to people the earth. In the most ancient time, there are only evidences of the existence of the most simple forms of animated beings; nor does it appear, more particularly from the character of the vegetation, that at the time those innumerable ferns and tropical plants grew in these countries which form the coal-fields of the present day, that the air was adapted for the existence of animals of a higher order or more complex organisation. It would appear, on the contrary, that the extraordinary growth of vegetation, by acting upon the chemical constitution of the air, was necessary for its purification, and to prepare it for new creatures; then afterwards came a period when animals, half lizard and half fish, and others partaking at once of the nature of reptile and bird, swarmed in stagnant waters or slimy shores; and after the age of another race—the palæotheria and anaplotheria—came the period of the mammoth and the mastodon, and finally man himself, destined to be the historian of these events, as well from the contemplation of the works of omniscience as from the more Divine source of inspiration.

In this, the physical history of the earth, there are (if taken literally, which is most absurd) some discordances with the Mosaic record, which speaks of seven days as the period in which the Lord made heaven and earth,—and upon the existence of this discrepancy, which has occupied the attention of the most learned

divines, and which is scarcely opposed in the explanation that is in accordance with geological indications by any person eminent either in science or divinity, we have the violent philippic before us, against a noble and most unintentionally offending branch of learning—a philippic, and not an argument, which the author says, “it is believed will for ever settle the Christianity-concerning and nation-concerning matter on the side of revealed veracity, to the sacred satisfaction of its believing friends, and to the inextricable confusion of its scientific enemies.” Upon this point it is well to remark, that the great subject to which revelation relates, is the providential history of man: the antiquity of the human race is, therefore, an essential feature of that revelation; but the questions whether any other state of our planet preceded that in which it became the habitation of intellectual and moral agents, and if so, what convulsions may have happened to it during that state, are points with which it has no direct connexion; a perfect knowledge of these could have furnished no topics calculated either to awaken the slumbering, or re-assure the penitent, conscience. With regard to the time requisite for the formation of the secondary strata, it has long ago been pointed out that we have the choice of hypotheses, of adhering to the common interpretation of the periods of creation as having been literally twenty-four hours; and by supposing the present continents to have gradually emerged from the channel of the primitive ocean, becoming occupied as they appeared by the land animals whose remains are found in the diluvial gravel, and thus, perhaps, find a sufficient space of time for the purposes required in the interval between the creation as thus limited and the deluge. Or we may, it has been acceded now on almost all hands, without violence to the inspired writer, regard the periods of the creation recorded by Moses, and expressed under the term of days, not to have designated ordinary days of twenty-four hours,\* but periods of definite but considerable length; and it has been further advanced that it does not seem inconsistent with the authority of the sacred historian to suppose, that after recording in the first sentence of Genesis the fundamental fact of the original formation of all things, by the will of an intelligent Creator, he may pass, *sub silentio*, some intermediate state whose ruins formed the chaotic mass he proceeds to describe.

These, then, are a few of those considerations by which we can relieve the difficulties that are well known always to present themselves to those who have cast the most comprehensive survey over the whole field of philosophy, but which we find, with minds so constituted as to be able to give at once due weight to moral evidence on the one hand and physical evidence on the other, never lead to gloomy or cheerless scepticism, or to scourging or reviling, or unnatural abuse. At the end of the extraordinary letter before us the author prays that the interposed hand of Mercy may prevent such an one as he addresses being drifted down the tide of philosophic fame into everlasting perdition. We firmly believe that this prayer was uttered or written in sincerity of heart, but it certainly presents itself in the extremest limit of erring judgment; for the philosophy which God teaches us by the direct means of observation is true, and to record the beautiful evidence of those observations cannot lead to sin against the Creator. *Ego*

\* How, indeed, could there be days of twenty-four hours' duration, caused by the revolutions of the earth and heavenly lights, and divided into day and night, before the sun was created? !—*Ed.*

*sum, ergo credo sum!* was the triumphant answer given to the Berkleyan philosopher. We have seen with our eyes that animated beings peopled the face of the earth when man was not, and probably could not have been; and we, therefore, believe that God, who gave us the power of observing those things, would not deceive us, but that he left us, as the attribute of our intellectual gifts, the happiness and joy of having many things to discover, that in every new research we might have new cause to admire his wisdom and applaud his goodness. That such is the result even of the studies with which our author has never made himself acquainted, and so erroneously deprecates, we shall prove, not only by our own assertion, but by that of persons most competent to give an opinion. “The expressions of Moses are evidently accommodated,” says the Rev. Mr. Sumner, in his *Records of Creation*, “to the first and familiar notions derived from the sensible appearances of the earth and heavens; and the absurdity of supposing that the literal interpretation of terms in scripture ought to interfere with philosophical inquiry, would have been as generally forgotten as renounced, if the oppressors of Galileo had not found a place in history.” “Geology,” says the Rev. W. S. Conybeare, (*Outlines*, &c. p. 56,) “far from affording the slightest ground to question the truth of the Mosaic record, brings to its support (if that which rests securely on its more appropriate ground—a solid and immovable foundation of moral evidence—can be said to require or receive much additional support from physical arguments) a strong collateral testimony.” “To have made physical truths,” says the same author, “the subject of revelation, would have been to destroy its great use, namely, that its investigation might form at once the most delightful resource, and the most invigorating exercise of those powers of reason bestowed on us as our distinguished prerogative.” Professor Buckland says, “The consideration also of the evidences afforded by geological phenomena, may enable us to lay more securely the very foundations of natural theology, inasmuch as they clearly point out to us a period antecedent to the habitable state of the earth, and, consequently, antecedent to the existence of its inhabitants.” Professor Sedgwick, on the same subject, says, “Between the first creation of the earth and that day in which it pleased God to place man upon it, who shall dare to define the interval? On this question scripture is silent: but that silence destroys not the meaning of those physical monuments of his power that God has put before our eyes; giving us all the faculties whereby we may interpret them and comprehend their meaning.” “All those,” says De Luc, “who have a lively perception of the sublime—have been struck by the grandeur of the introduction to Genesis; but their homage is but faint, in comparison with that rendered to it by the advances made in physical science.” The knowledge of the chronological relations of the different geognostical phenomena is one of the proudest achievements of modern science; and in the language of the author of the *Philosophy of the Mosaic Record of the Creation*, “it is from them—the mysterious symbols of nature—that the Christian philosopher has been enabled to elicit the dates and circumstances of the revolutions of the earth, and to add one more link to the chain of evidence of his faith.”

But our space will not allow us to dwell upon a version accorded to and used by the ancients, as Philo Judeus, Aben-Ezra, nay even by St. Paul himself; in less ancient times by Origen,

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St. Augustus, Bede; still later, Fraysinous, Michaelis, Faber, Rev. J. Townsend; and in our own days by the Rev. S. Lee, Granville Penn, the Rev. Baden Powell, and a host of others; and so beautifully illustrated in reference to Divine records in the quotations we have given above, from authorities whose sense of religion and learning will surely, at least, absolve them from the excommunication of our misled author. Indeed, we should not have devoted so much space to the consideration of a work in which there is not one tangible argument from beginning to end, had it not been for the important science which it has so fiercely assailed, and so unjustly held up to the dread of a Christian country; and for the pomp with which we saw it everywhere announced that this letter was definitely to settle the question between popular geology and Divine revelation. We cannot consider that such weapons, wielded by such injudicious hands, can serve the cause which the author professes to espouse, and whose prerogative is eternal truth. As it is the happiness of man to search for that truth, so the reverend gentleman may be assured that, under whatever name a science may come forward to attest and illustrate the laws of nature on the evidence of creation, still the facts upon which it is founded, if they rest upon a real philosophical basis, will ever be found to strengthen revealed religion, and unfold and develop the never-fading truths of Christianity.

## POETRY.

We are the last to depreciate Poetry—its charms, its influence; but when we remark the clashing and distracting rush of other appeals to public attention, we confess that our desire is for less of inferiority and mediocrity in this great engine, and for more that would raise its voice and make it heard amid the din of myriads urging the claims of inferior literature. It is also true, that very considerable talents are drowned in the Babel-multitude of other tongues, the conflicting echoes of other interests, and even in their own efforts to attract that fame which is justly their due, and would, under different circumstances, be immediately accorded to them. Though mostly unsuccessful altogether, and in only a few instances partially crowned, it is well to see the spirit assert itself, and multitudes suffer critical slaughter, or worse, neglect, with all the unflinching energy of British soldiers in the breaches of Badajos.—(Vide *Literary Gazette*, No. 903, first Review.)

Appalled by the numbers of these "sad sacrifices" to the feeling of the times, we have not had the heart to particularise them as they devoted themselves to the sacrifice; and, to our shame, perhaps, be it spoken, we do think we have fifty volumes of unreviewed poetry on our desk! What is to be done? Die, goose! out come, quill! Presto! be a pen! Stream, ink, in thy bronze reservoir! Work head, and work hand!

*The Napoleon*, in Twelve Books, by Thomas H. Genin, Esq. (pp. 342. St. Clairville; London, O. Rich.)

FROM the invasion of Russia to the exile in Elba; a sort of epic poem, in which the bulletins of the *Moniteur* are versified, without being improved. The invention, which was often their essence, was not susceptible of more imaginative colouring, and Mr. Genin is an inferior artist to Napoleon the Great.

*Peter Seranno, or the Last of the Crew*, (pp. 8. Lond. F. Warr), by a young lady, a crew'd performance, and a piece of nonsense, luckily con-

finied to eight pages. That "young lady" had better let the crew alone.

*Verses for Pilgrims*, by the Rev. C. I. Yorke, M.A., Rector of Shenfield, Essex, (pp. 148. Lond. Crofts.)

JUST a specimen of such compositions as are inoffensive, well meant, and pious; but have not nerve or novelty enough to attract beyond a limited circle.

*The Royal Mariner*, by C. Doyne Sillery, Esq. (pp. 467. Smith, Elder, and Co.)

MR. SILLERY is a determined author; we would say poet, but that we fear he is one of the numerous class who mistake an ardent desire to write poetry for the truly divine afflatus. This volume is finely got up, and dedicated to the Queen: as for its poetical merits, our conviction is that our gracious and beloved monarch, during his holidays at Brighton, would, if he liked to set himself to this sort of work, produce a publication calculated to sell better. Mr. Sillery is a persevering author.

*The Northmen*, by D. Sladden, (pp. 172. Canterbury, Ward; London, Whittaker.)

LEVEL and sensible writing, and no more. Imagination is wanting.

*Poems, chiefly Religious*, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, A.M. (pp. 167. London, Marsh.)

THERE are many sweet passages in this volume; and but for the state of things alluded to in our prefatory remarks, we have no doubt it would be more successful than even our good wishes can augur for it. The religion of the author is most amiable, his mind pure, and his fancy poetical; so that his work is at once graceful in composition and valuable in precept.

*Johannice, &c.*, by the Rev. J. D. Pigott, jun. B.A. (8vo. pp. 158. London, Hatchard.)

IMITATIVE, and such as a well-educated gentleman, whose mind felt the beauties of poetry and was warmed by them, would produce.

*India*, by a young Civilian of Bengal, (8vo, pp. 94. London, Priestley.)

A POEM meant to impugn our Indian government more effectually than prose; but prose is the better medium for such arguments.

*The Broken Heart*, (Second edition. Edinburgh, Tait.)

BE thankful.—"second edition!" What could any metrical tale in three cantos desire?

*Poland*, by John Burington, (pp. 15. Exeter, Wethey.)

PATRIOTIC; and very like the Leader of a newspaper done into the Muses.

*The Vigil of a Young Soldier*, (pp. 78. London, Chapple.)

SAD work. An inferior article, versified from a few of the penny papers of the Society for the Diffusion of, &c.

*Pastorals of the Seasons, &c.*, by H. C. Wilson, Esq. (8vo. pp. circ. 150. Hatchards.)

WRITTEN, as is declared page 1, "not in search of fame," but for "Clarinda, dear maid." Of course we have nothing to do with it, though it may remind us of the maid and the magpie. To the maid we surrender it.

*England; a Historical Poem, Vol. I.* By John Walker Ord. 8vo. pp. 262. London, Simpkin and Marshall; Baldwin and Cradock; Edinburgh, Tait; Dublin, Cumming.

NOW here is a bard with a good deal of poetry in his own composition; and who fancies all the world beneath his exalted genius. He is what the French call *tête monté*; and in his Furies neglects his Graces. Talent, self-elevated beyond its due pitch,—soured, perhaps, by disappointments, but not the less overweening and

intolerant,—the aim at the highest class, turns out to be a failure. Pride and vanity are miserable rocks. We are, however, so intensely delighted with Mr. Ord's picture of Scotland, that we must copy it, for the correction of the presumptuous and arrogant of the Land of Cakes. In the stave anent Edward Plantagenet, A.D. 1274, after rating him for his mock-crowning of the corpse of Llewellyn, and murdering that prince's subjects in their Welsh caves, the poet sings:—

"Yet for that he the dastard Scots drove back,  
And crush'd them to the mire, where yet they rest;  
And o'er each foetid carcass made a track  
For his red chariot wheels, and was not slack  
To drive his horses' hoofs through heart and brain;  
And burnt their homes, till all the land was black;  
And hurned forth their young, o'er hill and plain;  
And hanged their rebel chiefs, to rot in wind and rain—  
I do forgive him all. Their damned guile,  
Cant, craft, and lies, he stopp'd with the red sword;  
And smooth'd the prickles on their thistledale.  
Rank slaves!—did they not Wallace sell, their lord,  
And she, their hapless queen, whom all adored?  
And their own king, slain by the hangman's knife?  
Long since the hate and curse of God was stirr'd;  
And now, like Jews, they lead a vagrant life,  
And blacken all the earth with lust, and greed, and strife.  
They shout of Bannockburn!—they shout aloud!  
Who was their foe?—Our poorest, feeblest king;  
An army worn and faint, by famine bow'd.  
They shout of Preston!—(well they know each thing  
Of scanty conquest, and its honours sing.)  
But I a hundred blood-red fields could shew—  
I could a hundred glorious victories sing.  
No more! The curse burns on their craven brow,  
And I have nought but curses, and I curse them now.

Yes, from my heart of hearts, and on the day  
I lie in death, my last curse be for them!  
Wildly they wrong'd me, and my sullen clay  
Shall lend a light to shew the world their shame—  
A might to tear away their latest gem—  
Whose hearts are barren as their shatter'd shore—  
Bleak as their deserts—narrow as their fame.  
O, that the stripe might lash them as of yore,  
That English swords might chase them forth for evermore!"

Upon which searing philippic the said John Walker Ord hangeth this note:—

"It may be asked why I am thus vindictive against the Scotch? Deeply engraven in my own heart are the causes of this hatred, and they shall cease only with the last flutterings of that heart which nourishes them. To that accursed country I owe all the sorrows and heart-rendings (such as they have been) that have perplexed and oppressed my youth—to that country I owe that the pure spring of my best and holiest feelings has been polluted—to that damned country I owe that I am a changed man, though yet in my earliest youth. Has not Scotland in all ages been vicious, bad, mean, hollow, wicked, sensual, and depraved as now? In earliest times treacherous, cowardly, murderous, and vindictive. And are they not still the same crouching, selfish, arrogant, and unprincipled slaves, they ever were? They murdered their loveliest queen, and betrayed the noblest heir of the hereditary line of the Stuarts. And now are they not servilely foremost in that rude and savage demolition of those ancient pillars, that have so long upheld the stately fabric of British liberty all over the world? Moral Scotland!! Away with such insolence. Moral!! Ay, if the most soul-sickening hypocrisy, if cant and roguery, and brutality of every sort, can be called morality, then, indeed, is Scotland the most moral country, forsooth, in the whole world. Never did live, and never will live again, so filthy, nasty, ignorant, malignant, and loathsome a population. Whisky-drinking has demoralised Scotland from one end to the other. Whisky drinking, the habit of the Scotch people, from the banquets of their nobles, to the dunghills of their half-starved peasantry, has produced its usual soul-subduing, slave-making, and demoralising effects. It has hung like a leaden chain upon

the limbs of Scotland's proudest genius—(and are not Burns and Hogg the boast of her sons?) It has degraded the principles of its clergy and aristocracy, and the fountains of its law; and it has gone with its scoundrelly mechanics into the house of God, reeking with the unholy fumes, and burning with the fires of damnation within them, whilst at the same time they vomit forth the foulest blasphemies before the altars dedicated to God. Let me not be savage on her ladies—but are they not the most high-cheek-boned of the high-cheek-boned—the most prim of the prudish—the most reserved of the modest—and the most persevering of dram-drinkers? Her young men, are they not very braggadocios to the fearful, and veriest slaves and cowards to the valiant? Her old men, are they not the vilest mammon hunters under the sun? Her priests, are they not hypocrites and foul-mouthed libellers of the word of God? Her mechanics, are they not abandoned and foul-mouthed revolutionists, and banner-bearers to traitors and demagogues? Her peasants, are they not poorly-fed whisky-drinking serfs? She is altogether rotten, hollow, and putrid at the very core. What, then, is there in this much vaunted country of Scotland, that she dare erect her craven brow on the same level with magnificent England? Where are the statues of her kings—where are the tombs of her queens? Where are her public acts of heroism, save at Bannockburn, forsooth, won by meanest stratagems of large Jack-the-giant-killer pits and caltrops, over a wearied army and an imbecile king. (Against which battle I place Falkirk, Halidon Hill, Flodden Field, Cutoon Moor, and Neville Cross—particularly the latter, where the whole army of the valiant Scots were defeated by—a woman!—which battles will ring in their brains to all eternity.) All their poor fame is in England: all that they call good among them, is nourished, upheld, fed, bred, and retained, in this very land they pretend and dare superciliously to depreciate and despise. They come like swarms of locusts over the Tweed, and eat up the rich produce of our land; and riot in our granaries; and pollute our food and our drink. They sit in our own councils and palsy and degrade them, and heap the public revenues on themselves and their own: and around the pillars of our literature they crawl like vipers, and hiss and envenom all that is highest and noblest among us; and in our counting-houses and marts of commerce, they crouch amid the gold, and the silver, and merchandise; and amid the palm-groves of India, and in the palaces of our kings! Yet, they change not with the land they live in, but retain, in all places, the mean selfishness and depravity of their race. In one thing I admire them truly—it is that Scotland so abounds in that fruitful weed, the critics. They boast of one man who contended that Lord Byron and William Wordsworth were no poets! Of another, in whose fiery furnace the red hot rebel Elliott met with most extravagant laud! and of another, through whose instrumentality the whole fountain of pure and healthy feeling and criticism through the land has been polluted. But I must here pause for the present. It is not fit, or to be expected, that I can allow any further space to the consideration of this nation of reptiles! To another day, and when I shall be more able than at present, to devote useful time, I leave this present subject; and I shall then clearly and dispassionately prove that the Scotch are the most odious and detestable race that ever inhabited the face of the earth. I will make them so hateful, that the Jews themselves shall not be a more loathed and despised race. I will

show how mean, dastardly, and contemptible human nature may become, when suffered to descend through many generations into all things that are narrow, mean, hateful, and unprincipled. I will shew, indeed, man as he approaches the fiend, and then I shall have proved what Scotland is, what the Scotch are; and I shall then have done my duty to Scotland."

In short, our poet is, as the showmen say of the hyenas, "uncommon fierce;" and we only pray that poor Scotland may be saved from his wrath. *Habec corpus, or de lunatico*, ought to be instantly considered.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Catherine of Medici; or, the Rival Faiths.* 12mo. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A PLEASANT historic fiction, embracing some of the most striking scenes during the wars of the League. The terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew is given with much accuracy; and we commend the volume to the attention of our juvenile readers.

*Brother Tragedians.* By Isabel Hill. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

WE cannot pronounce a definite opinion of a work of which we have only the commencement; but we have noted several acute remarks, and the opening scene is good. We remember many clever papers in the *Annals* by its amiable and accomplished author.

*Peter Parley's Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.* London, 1834. Tegg. THE embellishments, consisting of a hundred and thirty fine cuts, prove at least the variety of subjects introduced into this volume; which is truly a child's book of infinite amusement and instruction. Tales, descriptions, geographical information, natural history, manners and customs, &c. &c., are all treated in a pleasant and familiar style; and we are sure our young friends will thank us cordially should this notice induce an approving mamma or papa to present them with a copy as a reward for good conduct.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

R. OWEN, Esq. in the chair. — Chinese drawings of that very beautiful bird the *tragan satyrus*, at various ages, were exhibited, as tending to shew the development of the fleshy caruncles of the throat with age. Several very interesting quadrupeds, new to the Society's museum, were also exhibited; among them was a nondescript ichneumon. Correspondence was read: of this no analysis can well be given. A special meeting of the Society will be held on the 31st of the present month, at the Lowther Rooms, to consider the several questions connected with the locality, purchasing, renting, or building of a museum, with the view of ascertaining the sentiments of the Society in aid of the council on these subjects.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE annual distribution of prizes took place on Friday, in last week, when Lord Durham, supported by the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Somerset, and a number of eminent persons, filled the chair. The company was very numerous, and the *coup-d'œil* striking. The chairman proceeded to deliver the gold and silver medals, and certificates of honour, adjudged to the successful students in the various medical schools, chemistry, medical jurisprudence, and botany; and nearly a hundred and

fifty fine and intelligent young lads, from all parts of the country, were thus distinguished. The noble lord acquitted himself of his arduous task with great ability, and was frequently loudly applauded. The most important feature in his concluding address, was an assurance that the privileges of the University would soon be considerably extended. We believe it is to have the power of conferring degrees as high as those of Masters of Arts in several branches of learning; and other alterations are to be made, likely to conciliate all interests.

## KING'S COLLEGE.

TUESDAY being the day appointed by the council for the public distribution of the prizes awarded to the students of the medical and surgical classes who had most distinguished themselves in their studies during the past session, the approaches to the large theatre presented an unusually animated appearance, being thronged at an early hour with individuals anxious to witness the gratifying ceremony. The theatre, capable as it is of affording very extensive accommodation, was crowded. About two o'clock, the Archbishop of Canterbury, (official visitor of the College,) followed by the Bishops of London, Gloucester, and Winchester, the Dean of St. Asaph, Sirs Astley Cooper and John Nichol, Mr. Brodie, Rev. Dr. D'Oyly, Hon. H. Hobhouse and H. Legge, and several other distinguished individuals, entered the room; and his grace having taken the chair, proceeded to address the meeting in an appropriate speech on the object for which they were assembled, and expressive, at the same time, of the happiness which it afforded him to be the dispenser of the rewards due to merit and assiduity. From the statement of Professor Mayo, who had been deputed by his colleagues to report generally on the actual state of the medical classes, it would seem that they are in a most flourishing condition; and that the exemplary conduct and assiduity of the students during the past session, have been such as to reflect the highest degree of credit, both on themselves and the system and discipline maintained within the walls of the Institution. The professors then respectively announced the mottoes of the successful candidates in their several classes, and the secretary having opened the corresponding papers which contained their names, the archbishop, accompanying the gifts with varied and suitable addresses, presented to each successful tyro, amid the plaudits of the assembly, the reward which had been assigned him by decree of his able preceptors.\* After the distribution had taken place, the rev. the principal, in the course of an animated and impressive speech on the necessity and paramount importance of blending intimately religious learning and the precepts of sound morality with every branch of science, more especially those branches connected with the healing art, where so much often depends on the moral worth of the practitioner, communicated to the meeting the gratifying fact, that Mr. P. H. Leathes, a warm supporter of the interests of the Institution, had liberally invested in the three per cents, in the name of the council, a sum of 300*l.*, with the view that the interest should be annually applied to the founding of prizes for such medical students as should evince the greatest proficiency in religious knowledge, and be most regular in their attendance at the College chapel in the course

\* A prize of twenty guineas for the best dissection of the shoulder, &c. was adjudged to Mr. E. I. Chance, who last year obtained a gold medal. A prize of five guineas, for the best anatomical drawing, was divided between Mr. Gerrard and Mr. Moore.



of each academical session. The rev. and learned gentleman then stated that Messrs. George Redsell Carter, and Henry Lee, were the students to whom these prizes had been adjudged on the present occasion; while the fact of both these gentlemen having gained distinction in the medical classes, was a gratifying refutation of the hardy and impolitic assertion, that the pursuit of these important and sacred branches of knowledge is incompatible with the acquirement of professional and scientific information. The Bishop of London moved a vote of thanks to the venerable prelate who had so ably filled the chair, and thanks were returned in a suitable manner.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third notice.]

Or the portraits in oil in the Antique Academy, with the exception of the vigorous picture by Mr. Ponsford, of the three Greek officers, *Miaoulis, Coliopoulos, and Botzaris*, no one remains impressed on our memory. The portrait-drawings and the miniatures are as numerous as usual. As usual, also, in the former Mr. Chalon leads the van. He is a happy man to have the *élite* of beauty and fashion constantly subjected to his gaze. With an occasional drawback of affectation, there is great elegance in his designs. Our favourites this year are, *Le Sorelle*, and the *Countess of Blessington*. His draperies it would require the knowledge of a Parisian *marchande des modes* adequately to describe and criticise. Mr. Richmond has some admirable specimens of his talent in this department of art; among which *Captain Fletcher, 1st Life Guards*, and *The Bishop of Chester*, are conspicuous. We must not omit to mention a clever drawing of *Miss Inverarity*, by Mr. J. W. Wright; and another of *A Lady*, by Mr. Herbert.

Mr. H. Bone's enamel portraits are very beautiful; especially those of *Lady Lyttelton, Miss Lyttelton*, and *Miss Georgiana Spencer*, which are painted from life; the first attempt of the kind, we believe, ever made in that difficult process.

The miniatures form a constellation, from which we must content ourselves with selecting a few of the most brilliant stars. Those by which we were most dazzled were, *Lady Augusta Kennedy Erskine*, and *The Children of H. L. Allgood, Esq. of Nunwick*, by Mr. Ross; *Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture*, *Sir Andrew Dickson, K.C.B.*, and *Sir John and Lady May*, by Mr. Lover (a comet that has recently shot from the Dublin into the London hemisphere); *T. S. Smith, Esq.* by Mr. Denning; *S. N. Cowley, Esq.* and *The Rev. J. E. Tyler*, by Mr. Robertson; *Miss Copeland, Mrs. Blackall*, and *Joseph Delafield, Esq.* by Mr. Newton; *Lady Hamner*, and *Lady Rolle*, by Mrs. J. Robertson; *C. Jennings, Esq.* by Mr. Cruickshank; *The Right Hon. Mrs. Augustus Craven*, by Mr. S. F. Rochard; *A Young Lady as a Gipsy*, by Mr. F. Rochard; *A Lady*, by Mr. Stump; *Miss Inverarity*, by Mr. Booth; *Lady Muncaster and Daughter*, by Mr. Wilkin; *George Carr, Esq.* by Miss Mackreth; &c. &c.

In the Council Room there are a few pretty architectural models, by Sir J. Soane, and Messrs. Inwood, Bedford, jun., and Morrison; and little ivory busts by Mr. Kelly.

We have on former occasions reproached the practice of mingling pictures in oil with the architectural drawings in the Library, as equally injurious to both classes of art. Of the former, Mr. D. Guest's *Judgment of Hercules*, and Mr. Hancock's *Chloe*, remain the

most strongly impressed on our memory. The best of the architectural designs are *Perspective View of a Design for a Royal Exchange*, by Mr. Paine; *Design for an Architectural Institution*, by Mr. Taylor; *View of a Public Edifice designed for a site at the N.W. Angle of New London Bridge*, by Mr. Lang; *Design for a Louis XIV. Drawing-room*, by Mr. Cottingham; *Interior View of Rosslyn Chapel*, by Mr. Abraham; *Design for a Castellated Mansion*, by Mr. Edmonds, jun.; *Interior View of Cemetery Chapel*, by Mr. Kendall; *Elevation for a Cathedral*, by Messrs. Long and Barrow, &c. &c. Several medallion portraits, by Messrs. Wyon, Stothard, Moore, Sharp, Parry, Williams, &c. possess great sharpness and finish. In the middle of the room stands *The Shield of Hercules*, by Mr. Pitts, a noble model; displaying all the fertility of invention and skill in execution which we have noticed in other productions by this tasteful and highly gifted artist.

When we state that in the Model Academy there are not any of Chantrey's works, only three busts by Baily, and but a single draped figure—a statue, in marble, of *Locke*—by Westmacott, it can scarcely be necessary to add, that the interest of the room, generally speaking, is not equal to that of former years. Nevertheless, it contains some very beautiful specimens of the art of sculpture. Among the most prominent are, *Flora and Zephyr*, by Mr. Wyatt, a group of great tenderness and elegance, and exquisitely finished; *Marble Figure of Psyche at the Fountain of Youth*, by Mr. Groves, full of lively and appropriate expression; *Leucothea presenting the Scarf to Ulysses*, by Mr. Papworth, a rich and finely built-up composition; *Alto-relievo, description of the name of Buccleugh*, by Mr. Cotterill, and *Satan in search of the Earth*, a *Basso-relievo*, by Mr. Timbrell, executed with great spirit; and *A Mother and Child*, by Mr. Sievier, which deserves to be in marble, although we could have wished that it had not been entirely nude. We were also much pleased with *Psyche borne by Zephyrs*, by Mr. Bell; *Confirmation*, by Mr. Lucas; *Statue of the Daughter of Vincent Thompson, Esq.* by Mr. Hollins; *Innocence*, by Mr. Legrew; *Hope*, by R. Westmacott, jun.; *Judaea Capta*, by Mr. Arnald; *The Grateful Slave*, by Mr. Butlin, &c. &c. Of the busts, the most striking and characteristic are, *William Wilberforce, Esq.* by Mr. Joseph; *The Author of Lalla Rookh and G. F. Goodenough, Esq.* by Mr. Moore; *The Bishop of Exeter, Sir George Farrant, and Lord Stafford*, by Mr. Turnerelli; *The Earl of Guildford and John Spottiswoode, Esq.* by Mr. Clarke; *Thomas Wilson, Esq.* by Mr. Ryley; *Miss Stewart M'Kenzie*, by Mr. Fletcher, &c. &c. &c.

Having thus endeavoured to convey to our readers a general idea of the whole Exhibition, we shall, probably, in our next Number, dwell more particularly on a few of the principal works.

(To be continued.)

## THE PARTING OF LORD AND LADY WILLIAM RUSSELL.

WE have been highly gratified during the present week by a private view of a picture, by Mr. John Bryant Lane, from this exceedingly interesting subject, which is thus touchingly described:

"Lady Rachael had been with her husband, Lord William, the whole of the day previous to his execution, up to midnight, when the lieutenant of the Tower, entering, intimated that his duty obliged him to lock up his lordship (his

prisoner) for the night. The terrible moment of separation was arrived, and worth, youth, beauty, and heroism, were to be torn asunder, and prostrated at the foot of bigotry, cowardice, and thirst of blood—the agony had been endured, when, just as Lady Rachael, with her three children, had reached the prison-door, she involuntarily turned round to take a "last, longing, lingering look;"—she observed her husband seated and in intense abstraction, whilst, at the same moment, with a deep and sonorous voice, he declared that, having parted with his family, *the bitterness of death was past!!* and this is the moment that forms the subject of the picture. Bishop Burnet, who stood by his lordship's chair, seemed engaged in mental prayer, whilst the lieutenant of the Tower had sunk involuntarily on his knee, in admiration of the firmness with which Lady Rachael had endured the last awful moment."

The composition is masterly; the group especially of Lady Russell, her children, and their nurse, is singularly well constructed. The general effect is also perfectly satisfactory; the warm tones of the artificial light being rescued from what painters call "foxiness," by the introduction of a few clouds illumined by the moon. But that which is the chief recommendation of the work, and without which, indeed, all its other qualities would be of little worth, is its expression. The abstraction of Lord William Russell, the grief of his noble lady, the terror of the children, the fervid piety of the bishop, and the respectful awe of the lieutenant of the Tower, are all admirably portrayed. No man of patriotic feeling can contemplate this fine performance without emotion: to the house of Russell we should suppose it must be invaluable.

## MR. O'NEIL'S PICTURES.

MR. O'NEIL's celebrated collection of pictures is to be this day sold. The selection and accumulation of many years, it contains a number of brilliant and valuable gems of art. Some of the most attractive, and which will no doubt bring great prices, are, *The Adoration of the Shepherds* and *The Haymakers*, by Rubens; a charming *Landscape with Watermill*, by Hobbima; a highly characteristic *Portrait of Dr. Johnson*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; two noble *Romantic Landscapes*; an interior of marvellous and miraculous finish, *The Lying-in Visit*, by Egdon Vanderneer; an admirable *Forest-scene*, by Ruysdael; *The Ecurie*, and a *Hawking Party*, by Wouvermans; a humorous *Marriage Night*, by Jan Steen; a magnificent *Study for the Head of an Angel*, by Correggio; &c. &c. &c.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Brute of a Husband*. Painted by Mr. Richter, engraved by W. Nicholas. Moon. MANY years have elapsed since the drawing from which this entertaining print has been engraved was exhibited in the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. In subjects of this description Mr. Richter is always most happy. The stern assertion of marital right and supremacy by the cobbler, the artful and irresistible appeal of his pretty, but we fear faithless spouse, the gloating gaze of the gouty justice (whose Toryism is clearly indicated by the fierce bust of Mr. Pitt on the mantel-piece), the sour severity of the justice's wife, the assumption of authority by the constable, and the various reproachful or mirthful countenances of the spectators, are all depicted with great skill. Mr. Nicholas has been very successful in preserving that which is the high

and distinctive quality of the original—expression.

*Illustrations of the Bible.* By John Martin. Part VII.

"MOSES breaking the Tablet," and "the Fall of the Walls of Jericho," are the subjects of the seventh part of Mr. Martin's illustrations of Holy Writ. Both are grandly conceived; but the "Fall of Jericho" is exactly suited to this able artist's genius. The masses of rocks, of buildings, of clouds, and of human beings, are all treated in the peculiar style of sublimity which is peculiar to him.

*England and Wales.* From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. No. XVII. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

ANOTHER beautiful number of this beautiful work. What can be more picturesque than "Coventry;" unless, indeed, it is "Nottingham," or "Carew Castle," or "Penmaen Mawr?"

*Illustrations of Don Quixote.* By George Cruikshank. Parts I., II., and III. Tilt. "This boy will be the death of us." While we write, we are yet laughing at the recollection of "Tossing Sancho in a blanket," "the Don playing his mad pranks in the Sable Mountains," "Gines de Passamonte stealing Dapple," "Sancho in his governorship," &c. &c. To every print is annexed a short explanatory passage from the story.

*Mr. Inskipp's Studies from Nature.* Plate I. Tilt.

As pretty a study as any one could wish to meet with.

### MUSIC.

#### SIGNOR MASONI'S CONCERT.

THIS concert was held in the Hanover Square Rooms yesterday week, and was well attended. Masoni surpassed himself. His concerto drew much applause. His harmonic notes, both in that and in the air which he subsequently played, were often of exquisite sweetness. If this artist has a fault, it is in the excess of ornament and the love of what has been sometimes called "trick" in execution. Miss Dickens, by her "march" on the piano-forte, gave promise of future excellency. Miss Lloyd sang in good voice and good taste, and Miss Woodyatt gave us a soft canonet in a most pleasing manner. It is only necessary to add, the other performers, among whom were the Demoiselles Elouises on the harp, Miss Waters in a buffo terzetto, with De Begnis and Barnett, and Mr. Distin on the trumpet, also exerted themselves, and met with a corresponding gratifying reception.

M. and MDME. STOCKHAUSEN'S morning concert, on Tuesday last, was a very good and a very agreeable one, though it failed to elicit from the audience any of that animated applause which usually follows the exertion of talent at evening performances of the same kind. This seeming apathy among the audiences at morning concerts should not hastily be attributed to insensibility to the charms of good music. It must be recollected, that the tyrant custom forbids the ladies, who form an overwhelming majority on these occasions, to shew any "outward and visible signs" of approbation; but we may reasonably conclude, that their satisfaction is "deep not loud," though testified only by the animated expression of their countenances. A charming sonata of Beethoven (Op. 40), adapted as a symphony by M. Stockhausen, formed an excellent in-

roduction to the concert. We regret that we did not arrive in time to hear the whole of the first movement; but what we did hear was not only delightful in itself, but also highly creditable to M. Stockhausen's taste and judgment in the management of orchestral effects. Herr Schmezer, the new German tenor singer, displayed a good voice, and strong musical feeling, in the celebrated *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, known in English by the name of "Through the forest, o'er the mountains." A German drinking chorus, by Mangold (the director of the German Opera), sung by all the female voices, deserved what it did not obtain—an *encore*. Madame Stockhausen pleased us most in the bolero by Dessauer, and in the two Swiss airs; but her whole performance was, as usual, actuated by right musical feeling, and regulated by good taste. Mr. Phillips's "Mad Tom" was perhaps more correct—certainly less impassioned—than Braham's; there were, however, some points of very great beauty in his performance of this arduous song, which we want leisure to particularise. For the same reason, we must sum up by observing, that the other vocalists, Mlle. Grisi, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Masson, and Signors Ivanhoff, Rubini, Tamburini, and De Begnis, all merit praise. Mrs. Anderson was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from rendering her valuable services on this occasion. Q.

#### M. HERZ'S CONCERT

ON Thursday was perhaps the greatest piano-forte treat ever heard in this or any other country. Herz, himself a host, was assisted by Cramer, Moschelles, and Potter; and their combined performances (including a quartet on two instruments) were equally delightful and extraordinary. The vocal parts (though disappointed of Grisi,) were also of a high order; and M. Herz received the well-deserved plaudits of his auditory, no less pleased with his general entertainment than with his own particular contributions.

### DRAMA.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

THE Spanish dancers are hardly features in the present purient state of the general stage. They are curious, decent (which is strange), and well worth seeing once, or so. But the women are ugly, and the men unlucky; so that bolero and castanets have not the chance they might have.

*Armide*, by the by, is a novelty in the ballet line; and, with the exertions of the Elslers, a very clever one.

The performance of *Der Freischütz* by the German company on Wednesday night gave occasion for the display of a very fair proportion of musical talent, though, in the acting department, the present *corps dramatique* is decidedly inferior to those of former seasons. We reserve the details for next week.

#### DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

TALK of the march of mind!—it is nothing to the march of the Drama! At Drury Lane, the lumbering, rapid, and most tiresome mountebank caricature of a royal coronation has sunk into deserved contempt. After the first flourish of the principal Italian singers, for one night, they have been seen and heard no more. The bait failed; and the public have since been left to find out their mistake, when they foolishly went to the theatre in the expectation of hearing Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and all whose names end in i. The sweet Madame Stock-

hausen, to be sure, was there, and sang a Swiss air most appropriate to the crowning of Henry V.; while Templeton, with equal fitness, sang "Sweet Maid, I'll come to Thee!" H. Phillips, absent or dumb; Braham running in from the ancient concert to sing something;—and the whole, indeed, a farago of stupidity, folly, and nonsense. As Mr. Liston is engaged, it is not unlikely that he will give us—

"Hey, jing,  
My heart's on the wing;"

as a sequel to the anthem in next week's representations. By the by, the 300 performers are not a third of the number; but humbug is the order of the night.

At Covent Garden, the National and Legitimate Drama, with its patent and exclusive rights for the encouragement and conservation of that great moral engine, has been supported in a still more extraordinary manner. Between a farce and a ballet an intellectual people have been entertained by a performance in three acts, and lasting little less than three hours, called, *The 'Scientific' Feats of Herr Carl Rappo*.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,"

says Shakespeare; and influenced, no doubt, by this precept, the sagacious management judiciously engaged Mr. Rappo. It being also Greenwich-fair time, and a number of somewhat similar exhibitions going on along the roads, it shewed a proper degree of spirit in the National, Legitimate, and Patent, to prove that they were quite as worthy of the public patronage. Accordingly, they announced to be seen, "Hercules fighting with his enormous club, the end of which is loaded with 60 lbs. of lead" (equal to a manager's head, in fact); and also "an aerial voyage," which was, perhaps, a little out of Hercules' way, and more german to Mercury or Iris. But such things are easy to our learned and classical authorities; and the second communication, enlarged, and with new additions, was yet more rich in ludicrous ignorance and absurdity. List, list! oh list! After Act I. Ramo Samee tricks, came Act II. "*Herculean feats of Strength*:"—

"Three cannon-balls made to dance from arm to arm on the *sense* muscles above the elbow, and so roll from the end of one hand across the back or breast to the end of the other, rolling over the head.—(Very distinct!)—*Aerial* excursion upon the Dutch windmill. Mr. Rappo will place himself upon the extreme end of one of the wings of the windmill, and thus have himself swung round and round with the mill."

This reminds us of Mathews' admirable style in describing the three brothers of the Caribbee Islands, who jumped down each other's throats in succession, with a lighted torch in their hands; till the last, though encumbered with his two brothers, "jumped down his own throat, leaving the audience in total darkness."

Act III. is different, for it consists of athletic (not Herculean) feats of strength.

"Mr. Rappo will suspend himself horizontally upon a piece, holding at the same time the *heaviest* chains of iron; also, with his feet bound together, and grasping in each hand a massive piece of iron, leap over several men. Hercules plays with the heavy club. The athletic pantomimic representation, in ancient costume of Hercules during his *struggles*, represents the hero in conflict with the Nemean lion, the serpent of Lerna, and the *Eurymachean* boar, by whom he is *simultaneously* attacked. Surrounded by these monsters, he uses his club, according to a poetical precept, sometimes in defence and sometimes in attack, and

at last comes off with the triumphant joy of the victor !!!

Poor, poor stage! to what base uses hast thou come at last! It can, however, (for the houses are miserably thin), be but a short time that

"The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

On Thursday night a fine example was afforded of the wretched condition of our Drama. An old French ballet, and Mr. Rappo occupied the stage from seven o'clock till towards midnight; and not a word was spoken!! Upon this simple fact not a word need be said: to be sure there were not many enlightened gulls to enjoy the uncommon spectacle, whose end now is "to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure."

After all, in his proper place, Mr. Rappo is a wonderful fellow.

#### THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

AMONG the rising, we rejoice that we can say among the risen, architectural ornaments of the metropolis there is none of more public interest than the new English Opera House, of which we have the pleasure to present a view in this No. of the *Literary Gazette*. We hail the elevation of this handsome structure with peculiar satisfaction for many reasons. In the first place, after the severe losses he has sustained, and the protracted difficulties to which he has been exposed in bringing his plans to maturity, it is gratifying to see an individual so deserving and so estimable as Mr. Arnold at last with the fair prospect of due consideration and reward. That public to whose enjoyments he has so largely contributed, both as a dramatic manager and an author, while at the same time he has done more perhaps for the musical improvement of the country than any other person whomsoever, will now speedily have the opportunity of shewing the sense entertained of his valuable services. In his own beautiful theatre we trust he will long enjoy that success justly merited by his past exertions; and we have no doubt such as he will continue to merit by a faithful discharge of those duties which have heretofore been implied to exist between those who undertake to provide harmless and instructive amusement, and the people for whom it is provided.

The judgment, good taste, and moral propriety, ever manifest throughout all Mr. Arnold's theatrical career, are the pledges on which we can securely rest for his continuing to maintain the same honourable line of conduct.

In the second place, we look upon this new abode of the Muses with feelings of more than ordinary solicitude, because we indulge an earnest hope that it will be made a place of refuge for these destitute and almost houseless Divinities. Their worship having departed from our larger temples, where obscene orgies have been substituted for the cultivation of their pure and refining influence, it is nationally important that at least one avenue should be re-opened, and one scene unfolded, to those pleasures of which the innocent may partake without pollution, and the right-minded with advantage and delight. It is very desirable that there should be a check upon the vicious and contaminating pandering which prevails in the mis-called Drama; and that the near example of literature and decency should shame, if not correct, the opposite practices. The approbation and support of every lover of the stage, and every enemy to that debauching course in con-

nexion with it so injurious to the general community, must be given to the effort to rescue us from the pestilence, and restore us to a healthy state of things.

It is a test to which we would willingly put almost every argument against the stage, that it applies not to the uses, but to the abuses of the Drama; and surely an establishment in which the uses may be enforced and the abuses corrected, might claim the candid appreciation even of those who have hitherto opposed theatrical amusements. The right-minded and conscientious may surely feel a pleasure in controlling, by their patronage, an institution too nearly connected with our natural impulses ever to be destroyed, and which, like all other great moral engines, the press, the pulpit, or the rostrum, is capable of mighty things either for good or evil. Should this theatre become unfettered in its range of productions, which, from the conduct of its rivals, as well as other circumstances, it probably soon will be, let us hope to see in it a stronghold of intellect and high morality, in which the most sensitive and fastidious may feel themselves secure from degenerating influence.

In the third place, independently of the individual claims and the moral objects upon which we have touched, we also entertain an expectation that a system beneficial to our dramatic literature will result from the present aspect of affairs. The Victoria, owing to circumstances, though with the best dispositions, has hardly been able to bear up against, and far less to stem the torrent flowing so copiously from profusion and an equal disregard of means and consequences. The Haymarket has been proportionately inefficient, being straitened in time and limits. Elsewhere there has been too much in common with that leading licentiousness which has contributed to the downfall and degradation of the Drama in every respect. Certain failures, too, are to be attributed to the attempts, however good in intention, having been injudiciously made. It is not only necessary to have correct views, but to devise those attractions and call forth those excellencies which will ensure their popularity. There is talent and genius enough amongst them to accomplish this; and all that is required is discrimination to adopt, and liberality to cherish their exertions.

And, while we are writing upon the subject, let us say a word or two with regard to the much-abused dramatic genius of the day. Accustomed to regard the works of the great masters of the stage in a mass, as to us the creation of a day, we unfairly oppose them, not to the last century, or the last generation, but in an estimate of strength; even Sheridan and the Colmans, instead of being classed, as they should be, with the moderns, are drawn up in array to swell the accumulated force of ages. And yet thus abandoned, while *Rienzi* and *Virginia* are left to the present era, it may be asked whether so much thought and poetry are embodied in any one play since the days of Shakespeare as in the first? or whether so pure, grand, simple, and affecting a tragedy as the latter, has been born since the same great days? If this be the case, it is sufficient to urge for those of inferior note, that they contend in the same arena in which this intellectual strength is exhibited, that they are competitors, if not victors, in such a field.

Nor, except in a single instance, has the art of dramatic writing of late received one favourable impulse from circumstances. A taste, in every sense meretricious, has been fostered by managements even to infatuation. With ruin-

ous outlay on the one hand, and the impossibility of its return on the other, they have preferred to join disgrace to failure. Works of acknowledged merit have been refused, or treated with a coldness which marked their acceptance as an unmerited favour. Delicacy of sentiment, beauty of diction, even the higher adornments of poetry, have been considered in these wildernesses as matters unlikely even to reach the ear, much more to rivet the attention. Indeed, had it not been for the timely and honourable aid of Mr. Bulwer's bill, which first gave to authors a property in the performance of their works, the oppression of those who write plays would have been unmitigated. This has encouraged, as it has enabled them to pause and await better times. To them the erection of the English Opera House is indeed a boon. While limited to the representation of pieces containing a certain portion of music, it will, let us hope, tend to raise the character of this species of entertainment, by employing in it such energies as can find no more congenial employment in the Drama as it is. Let it also be our trust that the Drama as it ought to be, will owe its revival to a house where every individual can see and hear, and where light jest or deep pathos may be appreciated without the necessity of exaggeration.

In other respects, we consider that the new theatre may be of much benefit to the arts, to their professors, and to performers who aspire to be better than puppets driven from kennel to kennel at the caprice of ignorance and effrontery—either to be exiled from the boards altogether, or disgracefully exhibited in juxtaposition with trumpery tricks and meretricious sensuality.

We trust to laugh at sterling comedy from the pen of a Peake; to listen to native melody under the direction of a Hawes; to witness a combination of dramatic abilities in a company of approved actors; and, perhaps, to feel that even tragedy yet lingers among our poets, and only needed a local habitation and the voice of fame to appear once more in her solemn stole, to impress her dignified lessons upon the heart.

We have now only in conclusion to express our admiration of the manner in which the architect, Mr. Beazley, has fulfilled the task assigned to him. He has had much experience in the building of theatres; and his own superior skill has often been eminently conspicuous, both in original designs and extensive alterations. So accomplished, he has, in our opinion, entirely succeeded in the work now nearly completed. Finely situated, expeditiously erected, and solidly constructed, the new English Opera House displays all the merits we could desire. Facilities of access and egress; internal convenience, fitness, and beauty; external architecture of a classical and striking order—all these belong to it, and do honour to Mr. Beazley. Yet, in addition to our wood-engraving, we can scarcely describe it sufficiently to display a thorough image to our readers.

In the interior the French method of arrangement has been adopted. The upper tiers of boxes are supported by columns rising from the dress circle, which is advanced considerably before the other circles. Thus an extremely cheerful *coup-d'œil* is gained; and the usual rickety appearance of thin spindles of iron, placed on the edge of each circle to sustain the one above, is happily avoided.

Each department is separate, and fire-proof against any accident in the others; and the projection of the dress-circle answers to the



French "première galerie." The stage itself is a medium between Goyt Garden and the Victoria, being four feet wider than the one, and four feet less than the other, with very ample depth for the production of works of imagination with every degree of splendid reality.

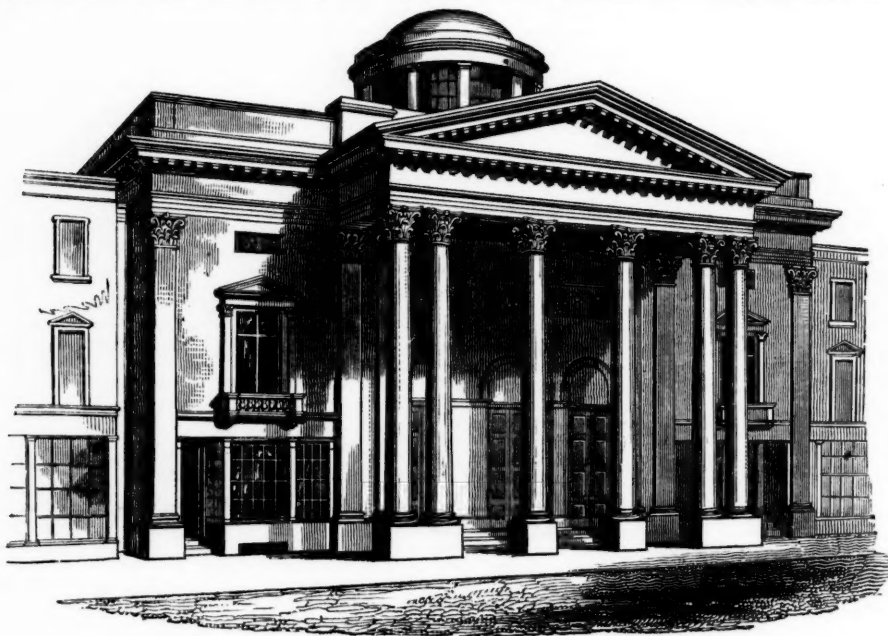
The saloon and staircase are most tastefully designed; and, as we have stated, the facilities for admission and departure contrived to perfection.

The front in New Wellington Street is appropriated solely to the boxes: the pit entrance

is from the Strand; and the select few of the gallery (which space is more limited than we have seen it in any former play-house) will gain admittance from Exeter Street. Of the general elevation we do not hesitate a moment in saying that it possesses far more of the characteristics of a theatre than any other in London; and the shops which, it is shewn in our sketch, are placed on either side of the portico, will add much to its gaiety and pleasant effect.

It is whispered that the celebrated Beefsteak Club, again restored to its ancient social dominion, by having a room in the new building,

will occupy it for the first time on the first of July; when even the Roast Beef of Old England will be eclipsed by its more savoury and recondite substitute of slices, and the veteran Captain Morris (in his 89th year) prove that genius can outlive the allotted span of mortal existence, by delighting his friends of many lustres with (for the occasion) another of those charming lyrics which have so long cheered their festivities, and extorted their smiles, their laughter, their tears, and their applause, as the witty, the ludicrous, the pathetic, or the brilliant tone happened to prevail.



#### ADELPHI.

It is the fate of repeated excellence, as well as of repeated worthlessness, to attract little critical attention; the former, merely because having once rendered justice to it, reiteration seems to be unnecessary,—the latter simply because it is below notice. We owe it, however, to the extraordinary variety and vigour with which Mr. Mathews' present entertainments are seasoned, to renew our homage to his unrivalled talent. We never saw him to greater advantage than on Thursday evening, when a crowded house, and ever-recurring peals of laughter, called forth and rewarded his exertions.

#### VICTORIA.

ON Monday a new course of entertainments was produced here, and so successfully as to cause a nightly repetition since to crowded houses. The first piece was a historical comic drama by Moncrieff, founded on some amusing anecdotes in the reign of Queen Anne, and entitled, *pro secundo*, *The Prince and the Breeches-maker*. The plain-spoken, honest Bristol leathern small-clothes furnisher (Latham), attended by his equally provincial wife, *Dame Duddelstone* (Mrs. Garrick), comes to court, is presented to the *Queen* (Mrs. Egerton), and many scenes of pleasant dramatic effect ensue, in which these personages figure, as well as *Arthur Marston* (Forrester), *Dud-*

*dlestone's* apprentice, *Emmeline Norton*, maid of honour to the *Queen* (Miss P. Horton), between whom there is a love affair, and *Lady Trimlinson* (Miss Forster), an ancient courtier, and aunt to the preceding. The other characters are of less importance. The piece, as we have noticed, is ably constructed and amusing—has many good stage situations—and is often laughable from its dialogue and point. Mrs. Egerton dressed and looked the *Queen* to admiration—Anne, from her pedestal at St. Paul's, appearing in flesh, blood, satins, and trimmings. Latham and Mrs. Garrick were both extremely comic and diverting; and Miss Forster lost none of the starched dignity of the antiquated maiden. Miss P. Horton looked pretty enough to turn the heads of all the breeches-makers' apprentices in England, even in the midst of a strike; and Forrester did ample justice to that professional undertaking. The whole went off with great *éclat*, amid Whitsun noises, and improved materially on the more quiet occasions which followed. In the *Forest of Bondy*, the extraordinary acting of the dog Bruin is enough to shame biped performers of extreme pretensions; his final struggle with the murderer of his master is wonderfully well managed. We may take this opportunity to offer our warm applause to Mademoiselle Rosier in *Eloï, the Dumb Orphan*. She is not only an excellent danseuse, but displays just powers of expres-

sion, and as much grace and energy in action as is often witnessed upon the boards of any theatre. In this part she is equally playful and affecting; and the other night, in *Don Juan*, she gave the last ghost scene, in particular, in a very superior style. The pantomime, with Miss Garrick as a charming fairy magician, and the four buffo brothers in the harlequinade, and Rosier as *Columbine*, is just the thing for holiday time: the feats of the four are astounding; and the tricks, transformations, &c. keep the higher authorities in shouts of merriment.

#### ASTLEY'S.

MR. DUCROW has relinquished Wellington for the other hero, St. George, and every night during the week delighted his crowds with the achievements of the Cappadocian champion. But classic and picturesque as are his productions in the interior, we are not sure that the cut designed for his bills does not beat them all. It is really a singularly clever, bold, and artist-like composition, and well worth preservation in the portfolios of collectors of the curious.

Giving our *coup de oïl*, as the boarding-school has it, of the theatrical novelties of the week, we have to regret a too late visit to the *Fitzroy*, with an attractive bill of the grotesque and humorous; and of the *Surrey*, where the Adelphi Junction continues to beat the Surrey Union Canal.

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## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

ONE of the most entertaining sights of London, at present, is the Padorama, or moving panorama, at the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, at the Bazaar in Baker Street. The most picturesque parts of the scenery between those two large and populous towns pass slowly before the spectator; and every now and then an accurate model of a locomotive steam-engine, with its train of carriages, sometimes laden with passengers, sometimes with cattle, sometimes with goods, comes rattling by. To those who have not leisure or inclination to visit the reality, this clever and animated representation will give a very satisfactory idea of the stupendous undertaking in question.

A new dioramic picture of the Destruction of the Temple and City of Jerusalem, from the description by Josephus, has just been opened at the Queen's Bazaar. A more terrific spectacle of carnage and ruin we never beheld on canvas; and whether considered in its several parts, or as a whole, the composition and execution do the highest credit to Mr. E. Lambert, the painter. Young persons especially ought to be taken to see it, were it only to impress them with the horrors of war.

## POLITICS.

THE King of Belgium is unfortunate in his domestic concerns: the young prince, his son, is dead at the age of ten months. In Paris the celebrated Lafayette, at the age of seventy-seven, has submitted to the same fate.—In our House of Commons, Mr. Bulwer, after an eloquent speech, moved a resolution for taking the stamp-duties off newspapers—whimsically enough called a "tax upon knowledge," but was outvoted.

## VARIETIES.

*The Fine Arts in France.*—The King of the French has conferred the grand cross of the Legion of Honour on Delaroche the historical painter, and Pradier the sculptor. This is as it ought to be, in spite of the silly arguments against bestowing distinctions on eminent literary artists, and men of science.

*New Comet.*—On the 8th of April, it is stated, Professor Gambart, at Marseilles, discovered a new comet, of a pale light colour, with a diameter of four or five minutes. Owing to the state of the atmosphere, and its disappearance on the 13th, little has been ascertained of the stranger, except that on the 10th, 16<sup>h</sup> 32<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup> sidereal time, its right ascension 20° 9' 7" and south declination 22° 33'.

*Demi-infernal Showers.*—The newspapers contain a letter of the 3d instant from Rodenheim, near Frankfurt, which states that during nearly an hour each, on that and the preceding day, heavy showers of rain had fallen so impregnated with sulphur, that the water as it ran down the streets was covered with a yellow crust, and quantities of the raw material might be scraped off the pavement.

*The Eye.*—“There are three modes of performing the operation for cataract, and likewise three ways of treating it without operating; the latter are the antiphlogistic, the stimulant, and the counter-irritant, each of which ought to be fairly tried; and it is only when unsuccessful that recourse should be had to the knife. In confirmed cataract of several years' standing, nothing can be done but by an operation; and when the patient is old and feeble, its success is problematical. Incipient cataract, however, like incipient deafness, may

be cured without an operation; but when neglected until it has become structural, there is, as in other chronic cases, little relief to be expected. There are some who advise that a cataract when forming should be let alone till mature; on the contrary, I think that the sooner it can be dissipated the better; and further, that the earlier this is attempted the greater is the probability of cure. For this purpose I have found no means so efficacious as applying a solution of the potassa cum calce to the affected organ, and combining with this a course of antiphlogistic and constitutional treatment. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I speak only of incipient cataract. With regard to an operation where only one eye is affected, it ought not to be attempted, since the sound eye is thereby frequently injured by inflammation supervening. Neglect of the disease in its early stage, and maltreatment afterwards, are commonly the causes which render operations necessary; and were diseases of the eye to be generally taken in time, I am convinced that they are as curable as diseases of the ear, or those of any other organs of the body.”—*Curtis on the Preservation of Sight.*

*Pure Water.*—Mr. Martin, the artist, who some time ago proposed a plan for supplying London with water from the river Coln, has republished it, combined with another proposition; namely, to make the line by which the water is to come to London serve also for a railway, by forming a roof over the aqueduct, of strength sufficient to support the iron rails, and the carriages to move thereon, as far as Denham, a distance of fifteen miles from London in the direction of the projected great western rail-roads. Mr. Martin is also actively employed in forming a company for the purification of the river Thames, by the construction of sewers in a direction parallel to its banks.

*Perpetual Motion.*—A Bourdeaux journal says, that a citizen of that place has discovered this grand secret; the original force, though slight, generating an increasing and endless velocity. We have, however, so often heard of similar mares' nests, that we are not inclined to be credulous. The invention may nevertheless be useful, if it can apply a surplus force in mechanics.

*Duchesse de Berri.*—About twenty of the pictures belonging to the collection, and including the Horse-Fair, have been disposed of since its opening. We observe by the German journals, that a palace at Brandeis, not far from Prague, has been assigned for her royal highness's residence; and thither, we understand, the paintings not retained in this country will be removed.

*The Times.*—At no period, perhaps, during the last five years, have the book-presses been so quiet as now. Even new novels are becoming scarce—only one issued for a month! and our fair maidens and Broadway dandies, they say, have actually been obliged to puzzle through the labyrinth of a congressional speech, in the total absence of any thing else to dispel ennui. Our list of new American books is so meagre that we are fairly ashamed to send it abroad. We are half inclined to get up another memorial to Congress, and print all the signatures. If President Jackson, among his other sins, is going to cut off the streams of literature, he ought, at least, to be deprived of his L.L.D.—*American Booksellers' Advertiser.*

Mr. D. J. Browne, the American naturalist, has arrived in Boston from the Mediterranean. He has brought many valuable specimens from the coast of Africa.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Leslie, the distinguished American painter, has resigned his professorship at West Point, and is to return to England. It is said that Mr. Wier of this city has been appointed in his place.—*Ibid.*

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Emigrant's Magazine, No. 1. (O. Rich) is a fair design, not to teach the young idea how to shoot, but old and young who are prompted to leave their native country, how to emigrate. In its price it may be said, that every passage concerns these birds of passage; and may be usefully read on their passage.

## In the Press.

The Lays and Legends of Spain will form the Fourth Monthly Part of Mr. W. J. Thom's National Lays and Legends. To those of France and Ireland (Vols. II. and III.) we yet owe our tribute; though the former has been in print these six weeks. In the meanwhile we take this opportunity of stating our hearty approbation of the work and the mode in which it is executed.

The Duty of a Christian State to support a National Church Establishment; the Scriptural Character and peculiar Claims of the Church of England: Five Sermons preached at Leeds, by the Rev. Joseph Holmes, M.A.

A Treatise on the System of Intercourse and Communication in Civilised States, and particularly in Great Britain. By Thomas Grahame.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Deontology; or, the Science of Morality, by Jeremy Bentham, edited by John Bowring. 2 vols. 8vo. 5s. bds. —A Plan for the better Security of Vessels navigating the River Thames, by C. H. Ackerley, Esq. R.N. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—The Picture of Scotland, by Robert Chambers, 3d edit., with additions, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. roan; 1 vol. 12mo. 15s. roan.—Advice to a Nobleman on playing the Piano-forte, with Remarks on Singing, 4th edit. 18mo. 3s. sewed.—Principles of the Commercial Law of Scotland, by a Barrister-at-Law, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Transactions of the Zoological Society, Part II. 4to. coloured, 24s. sewed; plain, 16s. sewed.—Hints for Practical Economy in Household Affairs, by James Luckcock, 12mo. 6d. sewed.—A Treatise on the Usefulness of Furze or Gorse, as winter feed for cattle, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—East India Register and Directory, 2d edit. 1834. 10s. sewed.—Cunningham's Life and Works of Burns, Vol. V. 12mo. 5s. bds.—An Essay towards an easy and useful System of Logic, by Robert Blakey, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Divine Providence; or, the Three Cycles of Revelation, by the Rev. G. Croly, L.L.D. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Public Record Commission: Sir F. Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs, &c., folio, Vol. II. 7l. 7s. bds.—Voyages round the World, by Edmund Fanning, 8vo. with plates, 16s. bds.—Dictionary of Geography, Ancient and Modern, by Josiah Conder, 12mo. 12s. cloth.—Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology, by J. M. Rogers, M.D., 2 vols. 8vo. (being the 5th of Bridgewater Treatises), 1l. 10s. bds.—D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, Vol. IV. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—African Sketches, by Thomas Pringle, fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Essay on Primitive Preaching, by John Petrick, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Dudley Castle, by Mrs. Sherwood, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Crucifixes, New Pictures of London, with coloured maps, 6s. cloth.—Blair's Mothers' Question-Book, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bd.—Origines Biblicæ; or, Researches in Primeval History, by C. T. Beke, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—The Exposition of the Parables, &c. by Edward Greswell, B.D. Part I. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Ovid's Fasti, with English Notes, by W. G. Stanford, A.M., 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—The Melange; a variety of original Pieces in prose and verse, by Egerton Smith, crown 8vo. 13s. 6d. cloth.—A Guide to the Isle of Wight, by W. C. F. Sheridan, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Georgics of Virgil, translated into English Prose, by Isaac Butt, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Pharmacopœia Homœopathica, edit. F. F. Quin, M.D. 8vo. 7s. bds.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having three new Novels this week, and all late and some imperfect, we can only render due notice to one of them. Mrs. Holland's stands out; and we can only say that we like extremely what we have had time to read of it. Miss Jane Roberts' "Two Years at Sea," and Dr. Tandy's "Burmese Empire," also wait their turn.

We can give no idea of Mr. Cooper's great achromatic telescope and its equatorial mounting; as they require the engraved sketch to render them intelligible. Hampton (though we like the Red Lion and its vicinity much) was too far for us to be tempted to the tulip show. Besides, we did not receive timely notice.

\* We are rather annoyed by the thoughtlessness, and sometimes want of sense, in parties who ought to know better, when we are told of advertisements being sent to the *Literary Gazette* by way of an insidious inducement to bestow notice on the productions so accompanied. We should have imagined that our journal had been long enough before the publishing and literary world to protect us from such nonsense. From the earliest day of our existence we never courted or sought such matters; and we do not like to be confounded with the beggars who have traded in so paltry a way. For a long while our only regret has been, that, to do justice to our plan, we are so often compelled to disappoint advertising friends.

Our theatrical department this week is so full, that we are compelled to abridge and postpone in other branches.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS is now Open, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East. Open each day from Nine till Dusk.

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## THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND SOCIETY will be CELEBRATED IN FREEMASONS' HALL, on Saturday, June 7, 1854.

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His Majesty the King.  
President,  
His Grace the Duke of Somerset.

*Vice-Presidents.*  
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The Right Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G.  
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Dinner at Six precisely.  
Tickets (20s.) may be had at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

## WORKS of the late THOS. STOTHARD, Esq. R.A. Deceased.—Messrs. CHRISTIE, MAN-ROBIN, and CHRISTIE respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that on Monday, June the 10th, and following days, they will sell by Auction, at their Great Room, King Street, St. James's Square, the capital finished Pictures and Sketches in Oil, and beautiful Drawings and Sketches in Water Colours, Sepia, and Pen and Ink, the works of the charming Artist, Thos. Stothard, Esq. R.A. Deceased. Also, his Collection of Prints, Books, and Cabinet of Entomology. Catalogues are being prepared.

MR. F. G. MOON has great pleasure in acquainting the Public, and the Patrons of the Fine Arts more especially, that the splendid Line Engraving of VENICE, after Front's exquisite Drawing, will be completed this month. This Work has been the labour of many years, and is well deserving the amazing expenditure time which has been devoted to it by Mr. Henry Le Keux. It is worthy to compete, both in the vigour, as well as in the delicacy of its execution, with the most popular works of the present, or, indeed, of any past age. Whether as a drawing, or as an engraving, it must ever rank among the choicest productions of the art, while a double charm is thrown over it from the additional circumstances of the city which it presents having been the long-favoured residence of the late Lord Byron, to a recently-published illustration of whose poem, entitled "The Dream," engraved by Willmore, after Mr. Eastlake's picture, it is intended to form a companion.

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**BOTANY.**—Professor Burnett will commence his Summer Course of Lectures, with Herborizations, on Monday, the 26th instant. The Lectures will be delivered daily, Wednesdays excepted, at Eight in the Forenoon, in the Lecture Hall, King's College, May 22, 1854.

## NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—

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